

PRINCE KROPOTKIN—MINISTER LOOMIS—HALL CAINE—FREDERIC REMINGTON—JOSIAH FLYNT



COLLIER'S

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

VOL TWENTY-SEVEN NO 5

NEW YORK MAY 4 1901

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(SEE "READY FOR A RUSSIAN REPUBLIC," BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN, PAGE 7)

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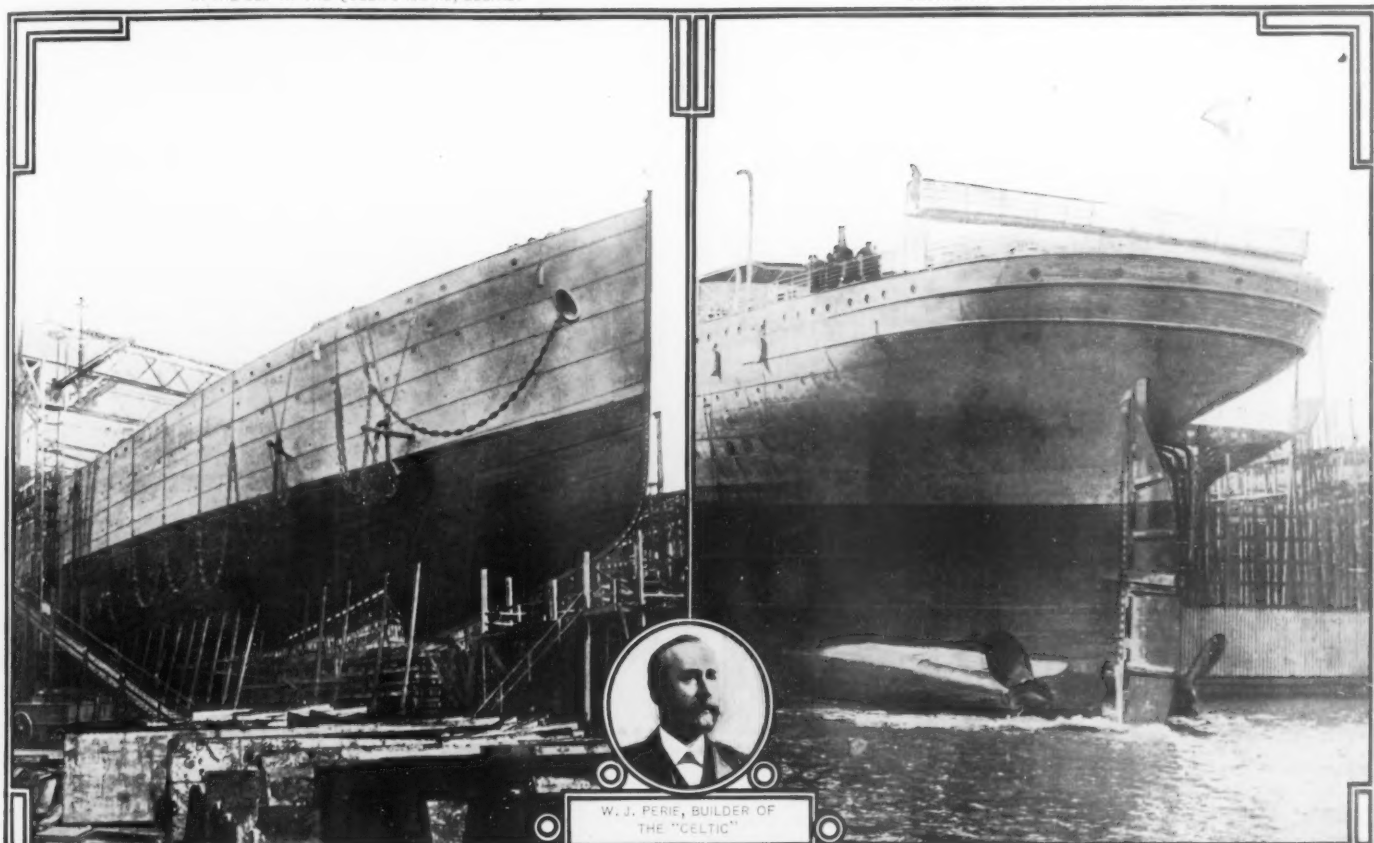
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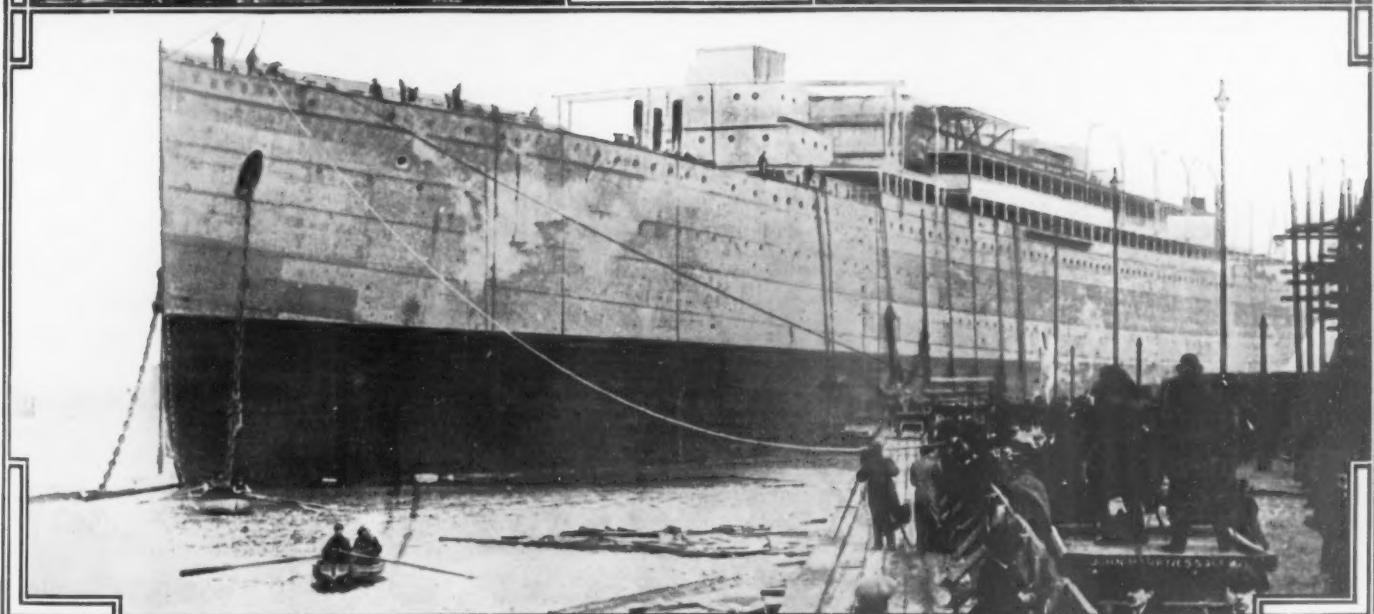
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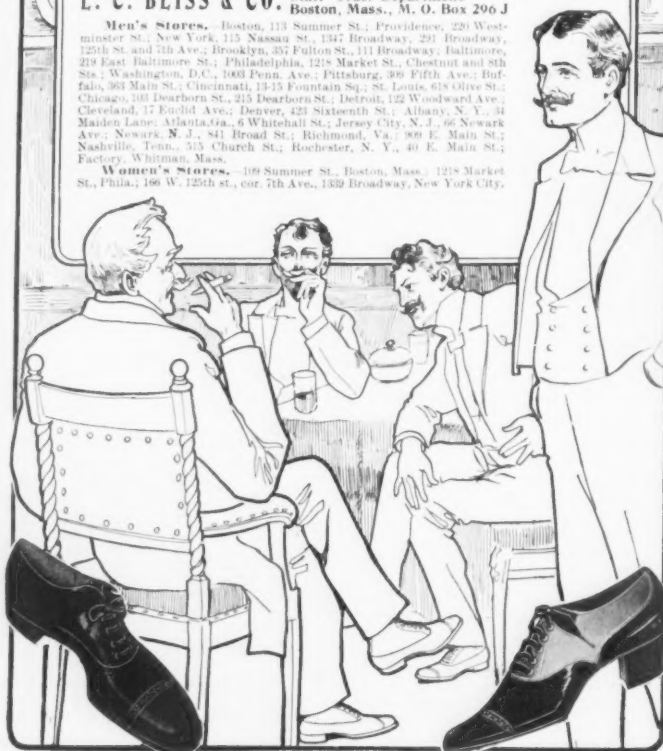
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Julian Hawthorne in a recent issue of the "North American" said:

"If there are more magazines than any one can read in a month what are we to say of the weeklies? Collier's, Harper's, Leslie's—there may be a hundred or five hundred of them for aught I can say. I will therefore confine myself for the present to Collier's, than which, so far as I can judge, no weekly could be better. There is nothing in it one would not be glad to read. The pictures are unexceptionable. Whatever themes are hot in the public mind are treated in this paper. The men who treat them are experts either on the particular subject or as writers, or both. There is always one good short story in the weekly, and the editorials on the political situation seem to me admirable, perhaps because I am uniformly in agreement with their point of view."

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The WEEK

I WOULD NOT SELL THE GOVERNMENT A BOX of matches without receiving the money in advance; in some respects this is the most dishonest government on the face of the globe in dealing with its creditors," was the remark once made by a veteran member of Congress whose long experience on the appropriations committee had made him conversant with government methods. Any one who is familiar with Treasury decisions will admit the justice of the indictment. A case in point is the refusal of the Controller to pass the accounts of an army quartermaster who spent \$629 under the orders of his superior officer. While the army was being mobilized at Tampa three years ago, General Shafter represented to the Secretary of War that international etiquette required that he should show some courtesies to the foreign military attaches, and he requested that \$2,000 be placed to his credit for that purpose. This was done, and \$629 was spent in entertaining, the bills being paid by the quartermaster on the approval of General Shafter. Now comes the Controller, who declares that the entertainment of foreign attaches was not a military expenditure authorized by law and that the quartermaster must pay the bills out of his own pocket. That decision may be good law, but is it good morals, or one which will redound to the credit of the United States in the eyes of foreign nations?



GENERAL SHAFTER

CONGRESS AT ITS LAST SESSION PROVIDED FOR the appointment by the United States of delegates to the Pan American Congress to be held in the City of Mexico next October, and the President the other day made his selection. The designation of one member, Mr. Charles M. Pepper, is noteworthy as showing that we are gradually breaking away from the old theory that politics must control all government appointments; to-day merit and capability are regarded as of more importance than the indorsements of politicians anxious to find a job for needy henchmen. Mr. Pepper is an author and journalist who has spent several years in Cuba and the West Indies carefully investigating conditions there, and whose work has been noted for its accuracy and impartiality. A student of Spanish literature, a man of keen perceptive powers, his letters from Cuba before, during and since the war have attracted the attention of public men, who place implicit reliance in what he writes and who look upon his appointment as a delegate to the Pan-American Congress as a just appreciation of his abilities and his peculiar qualifications for the place. The President shared that opinion, and in view of the important questions which the Congress will discuss he regarded the appointment of Mr. Pepper as of more consequence than the finding of a position for a party worker.



CHARLES M. PEPPER

LET ALL THE PEOPLE LIFT UP THEIR VOICES and rejoice; let them sing the glad song of praise! For, lo! fair Kansas has recovered her sanity and is no longer ashamed of sharing in the blessings of civilization.

The progress from barbarism to refinement is always marked by a proper amount of ceremony, and when man washes and clothes himself it is a sure sign that he has emerged from the darkness of savagery. For years Kansas has paid her Governor a miserable pittance and has refused to supply him with an executive mansion; that savored too much of "aristocracy" (save the mark!) to suit the Populists and the demagogues who held the State in



EX-CONGRESSMAN SIMPSON

thrall; they preferred the undignified sham democracy of their Governor "boarding around." Now all this has been changed. The Legislature has made an appropriation of \$90,000 for the purchase of the finest house in Topeka as the residence of the Governor. This act of the Legislature

will possibly not attract so much attention as some other things which have recently brought the State into notoriety, and yet, we think, it has vastly more significance. The State will now have to live up to the dignity of its executive mansion. Ex-Congressman Jerry Simpson is only a memory of the past, Senator Pepper is a forgotten accident, and Mrs. Carrie Nation is merely a spasm, but \$90,000 in bricks and mortar!—that is an enduring reality.

WONDERS, IT SEEMS, WILL NEVER CEASE IN this marvellous century. Who would have supposed that Hetty Green, commonly reputed to be the richest woman in the world, who carries her purse with the strings tied in a double bowknot, would suddenly be seized with a fit of generosity and bestow her munificence on a couple of newspaper reporters? The other day Mrs. Green was engaged in her favorite occupation of "going to law," which is her way of amusing herself, just as other rich women endow hospitals or go in for automobiles. In the course of a suit being tried in Taunton, Mass., Mrs. Green walked over to the reporters' table, took out a ten-dollar bill, handed it to two men representing Taunton papers, and told them to go out and buy an umbrella apiece. With withering contempt she glanced at another reporter and said that he would have to go umbrellaless because she did not like him, and Mrs. Green's likes and dislikes are known to be pronounced. And then Mrs. Green permitted herself the luxury of expressing her opinion about people and things in general. Her attire suggested poverty rather than wealth, and, perhaps conscious of that fact, she said that she always dressed in keeping with the people among whom she associated, which, by the way, was hardly tactful. She remarked that when in New York, and she visited people who had good clothes, she put on her dressy things, but unless she was on parade she never bothered about what she wore. As no one ever remembers having seen Mrs. Green in any but the shabbiest of dresses, the public would like to know the next time she visits these swell New York people about whom she spoke to the Taunton reporters, so that their eyes may be gladdened by the sight of Mrs. Green in a Paris frock!



MRS. HETTY GREEN

COURTS OF JUSTICE OCCASIONALLY BRUSH aside the fine technicalities of law and take a common-sense view of things, which is what the Supreme Court of the United States did when, through the lips of Mr. Justice Gray, it pronounced its dictum against the "divorce-while-you-wait" industry. Reduced to plain English, this decision, from which there is no appeal, makes a decree of divorce invalid when either of the parties to the suit has taken up a temporary and sham residence in another State solely for the purpose of profiting by the lax divorce laws of that State. This is sound morals but very bad law, because it is in direct contravention of the first section of the fourth article of the Constitution which requires full credit to be given by each State to the judicial proceedings of every other State. If the State of South Dakota, for instance, is willing to grant a decree of divorce provided certain legal requirements have been complied with, it is not within the province of a Federal or a State court to go behind the record or invalidate the decree because the Legislature of South Dakota has been more accommodating than that of New York. And yet, while the decision is bad law it will commend itself to all right-thinking persons, it will invest marriage with still greater sanctity, and it will perhaps lead to a national marriage and divorce law, which is an imperative social necessity.



JUSTICE GRAY

IT USED TO BE SAID THAT FEW POLITICIANS DIE and none resign, but the old saw no longer holds good. Mr. John A. Kasson, who has had a long and distinguished diplomatic career, and who at the present time is the Special Commissioner Plenipotentiary to negotiate reciprocity treaties with various foreign governments, has refused to accept any salary from this government because of the failure of the Senate to ratify the treaties which he negotiated. This speaks well for his high sense of honor. Under a provision of the Dingley Tariff Act, power was given the President to negotiate reciprocity treaties, which Mr. Kasson, after infinite labor and great diplomatic skill, succeeded in concluding, but

to become effective they had to receive the ratification of the Senate; the Senate, however, withheld its ratification and unmistakably showed that it was not in favor of any reciprocal commercial arrangements. With the adjournment of Congress, Mr. Kasson's labors practically ended until the reassembling in December, but in the interval his salary of \$10,000 a year would have continued. Mr. Kasson represented to the President that it was manifest the Senate would not consent to ratify these treaties and therefore it was simply a useless expense for him to remain on the government pay-rolls, and he tendered his resignation. The President declined to accept it, and urged Mr. Kasson to remain in charge of the work, which Mr. Kasson finally consented to do, but stipulated he should receive no salary unless the Senate accepted the treaties which he had negotiated. A man who voluntarily gives up a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year sinecure deserves to have his name held in grateful reverence.



JOHN A. KASSON

AT THE HORSE SHOW RECENTLY HELD IN Boston several young women prominent in Boston society rode their mounts astride. This startling departure from preconceived ideas is not a mere fad of notoriety-seeking young women, as, according to the Boston "Globe," in that city some one hundred and fifty or more women of culture and refinement are riding man-fashion, which they enthusiastically declare is the only sensible mode of equitation. The reason why these women prefer the cross-saddle is intelligent and shows that they have given the matter some thought. Sitting astride a good horse, with the body held erect, is not only a delight but improves the figure and reduces superabundant flesh, and the rider exercises a more perfect control over her mount. On the side-saddle the conditions are quite different. With one hip up and the other down the body is twisted, and some physicians have pronounced riding as one of the most harmful forms of exercise that a woman can indulge in; besides, she is always at the mercy of her horse, and in case he proves fractious or vicious her life is often in danger. Tradition asserts that before the time of Elizabeth women rode as did men; but a member of the royal house, because of a malformation, found the side-saddle more convenient, which set the fashion for womankind, and from that idea of conventionality no woman has had the courage to depart. The reform, it seems to us, is a sensible one on the ground of health and safety. There is no good reason why it should be regarded as immodest, and certainly a woman looks better and more graceful riding cross-saddle than on the side, which always suggests the possibility of her losing the stirrup and being thrown to the ground.

FOR THE FOURTH TIME SINCE THE DISCOVERY of America the Pope has sent the scarlet biretta to the United States. Sebastian Martinelli has been created a Cardinal and Prince of the Church. This is noteworthy as showing that the Catholic Church, like the secular governments of the Old World, year by year regards the United States as of more importance and confers its highest honors upon the men who represent its interest in the new country across the seas. When the Pope decided a few years ago that it was necessary to station a Papal delegate in the United States it was proof to all the world that the Catholics of America take equal rank with those of other great nations. When Archbishop Gibbons was elevated to the Cardinalate, the Pope gave evidence of his intention to make no discrimination between the prelates of America and those of other countries. In a few weeks the new Cardinal will be invested with the biretta at St. Peter's Cathedral, Baltimore, with all the imposing ceremonies which the Church ordains. The archbishops, bishops and other primates of the Church, and representatives of its various religious orders, will be present to add dignity and splendor to an occasion which is rarely witnessed in this country. The investiture of a cardinal is a ceremony so seldom seen by Americans, and is a scene of such solemn grandeur and impressiveness, that those who are privileged to be present will eagerly avail themselves of the permission, and St. Peter's Cathedral, at Baltimore, will doubtless be crowded to its doors when the biretta is placed upon the head of the new Prince of the Church.



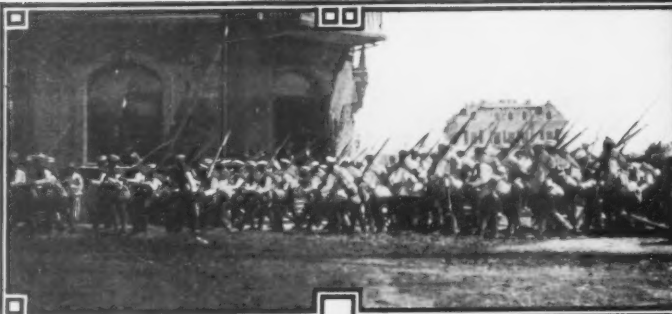
CARDINAL MARTINELLI



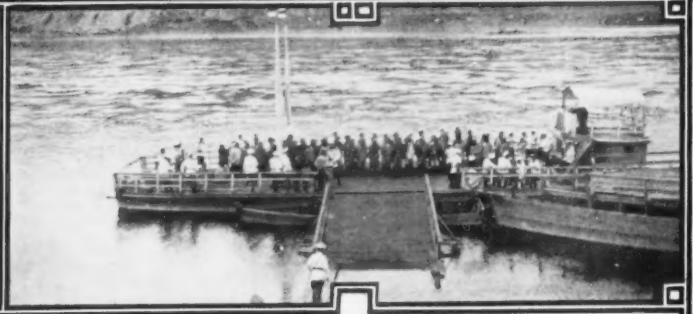
A COSSACK OFFICER AND HIS WIFE

GROUP OF OFFICERS ON A GOVERNMENT STEAMER ON THE AMOOR RIVER

GROUP OF RUSSIAN-COSSACK OFFICERS



SOLDIERS MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF VLADIVOSTOK



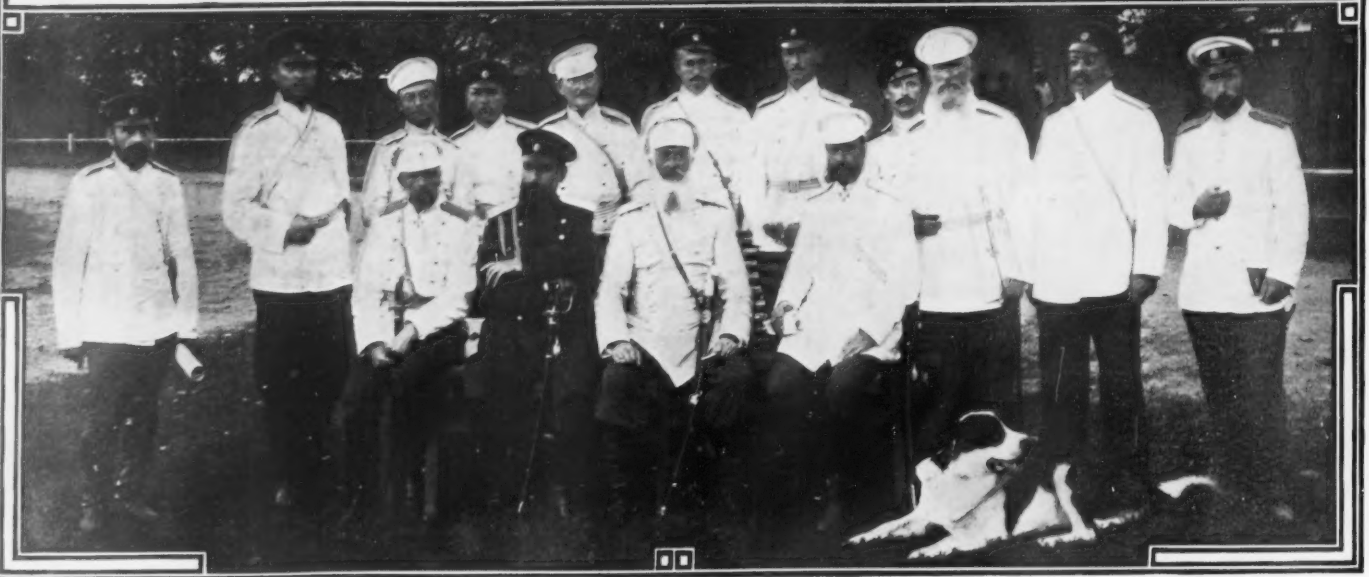
RUSSIAN SOLDIERS CROSSING CHILKA RIVER



TRANSPORTING CONVICTS ON THE GREAT SIBERIAN RAILROAD

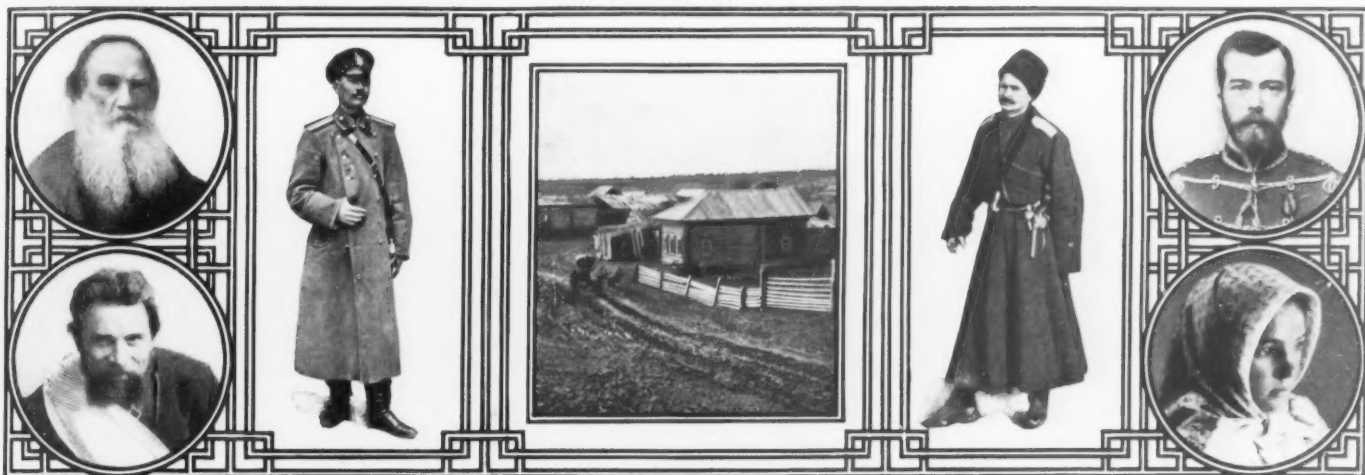


THE MAYOR OF ST. PETERSBURG (ON GRAY HORSE) AND STAFF



COMMANDING OFFICERS OF RUSSIA'S SIBERIAN ARMY AND COSSACKS, FOR SERVICE IN CHINA

OUTWARD AND VISIBLE SIGNS OF THE "WHITE CZAR'S" AUTOCRACY



A RUSSIAN PEASANT

A BRIGADIER OF POLICE

SIBERIAN CONVICT SETTLEMENT

A COSSACK OFFICER

A RUSSIAN POLE

READY FOR A RUSSIAN REPUBLIC

By PRINCE PETER KROPOTKIN, Author of "Memoirs of a Revolutionist"

EDITOR'S NOTE



PRINCE PETER KROPOTKIN

HERE are at this moment only two great Russians who think for the Russian people, and whose thoughts belong to mankind—Leo Tolstoy and Peter Kropotkin. These lines are from George Brandes' introduction to the thrilling autobiography of Kropotkin, the revolutionist. Though a Prince of blood royal, a descendant of the house of Rurik, Kropotkin now confesses himself a socialist-anarchist, opposed to Czar-rule, favoring every movement toward making Russia a republic. The Prince is primarily a scientist; he is also one of the greatest living geographers. He is fifty-eight. Educated in the school of pages in St. Petersburg, he became personal page to Alexander II. After five years in Siberia as a government attaché engaged in scientific explorations, he returned to St. Petersburg and entered the University. Later he became so deeply impressed with the sufferings of the people that he felt he must take up their cause. For lecturing on socialism he was sent to prison without trial or any sort of condemnation. Subsequently he escaped to Switzerland. After the killing of Alexander II, he was obliged to forsake Switzerland for France. Here, in 1883, he was tried with fifty other alleged anarchists, and sentenced to Chateaufort for five years. After three years in a dark cell, he was pardoned. He has since lived quietly in exile, in England, writing and lecturing.

CZAR-RULE ALMOST AT AN END

IT BEGINS to be pretty generally understood in Western Europe and America that the absolute rule of the Czar is rapidly coming to an end, and that some sort of representative self-government will have to be introduced to Russia in a future by no means distant. However, even those well-wishers to Russia who are more or less acquainted with her inner conditions express doubts as to whether the immense, inert and mostly unlettered mass of the peasants, who constitute nine-tenths of the population of the Empire, are capable of living under a representative government and whether their attachment to the Czar will not stand in the way of every limitation of his power.

The second of these two questions surely was of some importance during the reign of Alexander II.; it was less so during the reign of his son, Alexander III.; and it has no importance whatever with the present Czar, Nicholas II.

As to Nicholas II., not one single measure has been taken during his reign which might render him popular among the peasants; while the continually renewed talk about the abolition of the *mir*, the religious persecutions—nay, even the unfortunate catastrophe during the coronation—and some sort of indescribable general feeling spreading in the country, have contributed to make the peasants rather indifferent to the young Czar than otherwise. The persecuted *raskolniks*, or Nonconformists, who are very numerous, hate him; while the remainder have no hope in him.

It may thus be said that if a limitation of the powers of the Czar take place during the present reign, it will be received by the peasant mass either with absolute indifference or with a hope of some unknown improvement. The crowds which one sees wherever the Czar appears are no more testimonials of personal attachment than the crowds one sees in London at a Lord Mayor's show, or wherever the Lord Mayor's carriage appears in the streets.

PEASANTS' HALF-CENTURY EXPERIENCE IN SELF-GOVERNMENT

Besides, the peasants of to-day, forty years after the emancipation of the serfs, are not what they were on the eve of 1861. They have had by this time nearly half a century's experience of self-government on a scale which is not realized abroad. "How can you speak of self-government when you are under autocratic rule?" our Western friends always ask us.

They do not realize the following characteristic feature of all autocracies: the more violent autocracy is against every expression of independent thought among the educated classes the more lenient it is toward the old local self-government institutions among the agricultural class. This is a characteristic feature of nearly all despotic governments; and this feature, which so much puzzles the Westerner, makes, by the way, the success of Russian conquest in Asia.

In all matters concerning land and inheritance it is not the law of the Russian Empire which prevails in the Russia-Asiatic dominions; it is the local, traditional, customary law. Even the Finnish constitution was respected by the Russian Czars for the first eighty years after the conquest of Finland.

The same policy has been carried on as regards the peasants in Russia itself. From times immemorial, they have lived under the institution of the village community—the *mir*—which owns all the land of the villages in common, and allots it among the separate households in proportion to the working capacities (the number of full-grown workers) in each family.

If John's family, for instance, is composed of three full-grown workers, it gets three shares in the allotments, while Peter's family, if it be composed of one man, his wife and one little child, will get one share only in the allotments. Besides, all affairs concerning the village schools, sanitary matters, roads, work to be done in common, the right of opening a public-house, and so on, are discussed by the assembly of all householders—the *mir*—which represents an almost complete parallel to the "town meeting" of New England.

Suppose a teacher, or a doctor, or a midwife, or any one else comes to a moderately healthy Russian village and offers the *mir*—i.e., the "town meeting," composed of all the householders—to build a school, a theatre, a small hospital, a church, or a "sanitary station," which will be visited once a week by a doctor, or asks permission to open on the *mir*'s land a factory, or proposes to make a road; or suppose that one of the members of the town meeting proposes to open a free kitchen for the poor, or to send so much money in aid to the wives and children of the Boers, or, at last, to pay the priest to sing a Te Deum to ask God to give victory to the Boers (this was done over and over again in our villages last year), it is the town meeting, the "mir's meeting," which is sovereign to decide all these questions.

BUREAUCRACY MAKES ALL THE TROUBLE

To be sure, the State police may some day arrest the people of the new school, or the midwife, or the doctor, and carry them to Siberia "for their dangerous opinions," without any form of procedure; the Ministry of Public Instruction, following its policy of the last thirty years, may put all sorts of difficulties in the way of the schools; the police authorities may simply pocket the money destined for the Boers' wives and children. All may happen, and does happen, in Russia, where, to use a complaint formally expressed by Nicholas II. himself, "every functionary assumes imperial powers."

But the law of the country gives the powers just mentioned to the town meeting, and the town meetings exercise them all over Russia, even though in most cases they have to fight against the arbitrariness of the functionary.

Next to the town meeting, or the *mir*, comes the *volost*—i.e., a group of villages, which corresponds to the New England "township." The attributions of this *volost*, as established by the laws of 1861, are perhaps wider than those of the township. The Russian *volost* has an Elder, a Scribe and Peasant Court, all elected by the assembly of all householders. (If a woman is the head of a household, she also takes part in the election or delegates some one to vote for her.)

The Elder collects all taxes, which, by the way, are assessed *en bloc*—so much from each township—by the Provincial Government. But within the township itself the people are assessed by the township assembly and the respective town meetings. As to the elected Peasant Courts, they pronounce their sentences in accordance with local common law, which totally differs, especially as regards inheritance custom, from the laws of the Empire. The Russian peasant has thus successfully practiced for the last forty years more self-government than the peasant in the French Republic or in Germany.

THE CZAR DARE NOT ABOLISH JUSTICES

But this is not all. The Judicial Law of 1861 introduced, in thirty-four provinces in Russia out of fifty, the election by a universal suffrage of all the peasant, noblemen, clergy, artisan and merchant householders of the Justices of the Peace, both in the large towns and the country. And, with the exception of a limited number of the Moscow "Serfdom Party," all Russia, from the uppermost spheres in the State Council down to the last peasant in the remotest village, agree in recognizing that the Justices of Peace are the most popular institutions in the country.

The institution of the elected Justices of Peace has existed for nearly twenty-five years. The "electing" capacities of the peasant mass were thus submitted to a fair test, and the general consensus of opinion in Russia is that the peasants have exercised their rights with an astounding moderation and good sense.

Although they were in an overwhelming majority, they

elected the Justices of Peace almost entirely from among the landlords—only they chose wealthy landlords of the best type; independent, middle-aged, influential, and ready to transform into habit and custom the new conditions introduced by the emancipation law.

A better and more conclusive test of the self-governing capacities of the Russian peasant mass could, in fact, not be imagined.

PEASANTS HAVE THE DOMINATING VOICE IN LOCAL AFFAIRS

All over Russia we have thus the New England town and township meeting, and all that is required now is to free them from the meddling of the Police and of the separate Ministries.

But we have also, since 1864, in thirty-four provinces of European Russia, the district and the provincial self-government, or the *zemstvo*, to which the nearest parallel is found in the district and county councils of England. Only sixteen Lithuanian, Baltic, and outskirt provinces, and the ten provinces of Poland, have not received these institutions.

In every one of the thirty-four purely Russian provinces, and in each ten to twelve districts into which each province is divided, we have thus had for the last thirty-five or thirty-six years a district and a provincial assembly elected by the peasants, the clergy, and the landowners of the respective district or province.

TOWNSHIPS ACCOMPLISH MORE THAN IMPERIAL BUREAUS

The attributions of these district and provincial assemblies are very wide, and although their powers of taxation for local needs are limited by the imperial taxation, and though the decisions of the local government as regard education, sanitary arrangements, hospitals and medical aid in the villages, and so on, are continually tampered with by the local governors (*prefects*), who represent the Ministry of Interior in the provinces—nevertheless the *zemstvos* have achieved already beneficial results in various directions.

Scores of blue-books have lately been published by the government in order to analyze what was done by the *zemstvos* for the last thirty-six years; and results are extremely interesting. One could see on the education maps exhibited at the Paris Exposition that in the thirty-four provinces which have provincial institutions there are twice as many schools in proportion to the population as in those provinces which depend for education upon the Ministry; while as regards hospitals and free medical help in the villages there is no comparison whatever between the provinces which have local self-government and those which have not.

Everything is yet to be done in the latter. Nay, a single look at the mortality figures in different provinces shows which of them has local self-government and which has not.

SEVEN MILLION PEASANTS ARE SKILLED WORKERS

Besides, the peasant of nowadays is quite different from what he was forty years ago. Wherever misery and starvation are kept from his door, either owing to the fertility of the soil or to larger and better allotments received at the time of his emancipation, or to the various domestic trades carried on in the village, the Russian peasant is not at all the half-wild creature he is imagined to be, especially by condescending Anglo-Saxons.

Let those Americans who go to Moscow, and are really interested in knowing something about Russia, write for American readers—not about the splendor of the Moscow churches, or about what Tolstoy wears and eats, but go to the Kustarnyi Museum—the museum where the infinitely varied produce of the domestic village industries of Russia is exhibited.

When they see the "Paris silk hats," the "Viennese bent furniture," the fine mathematical instruments, the artistic smith-work, the embroideries, the lace, and so on, which are made in these villages, they will surely conclude that the 7,000,000 skilful peasants, men and women, who make these goods are surely not inferior in intelligence to the factory workers in other countries who devote all their lives to the making of "the eightieth part of a pin."

ON THE HUNT FOR A NEW RELIGION

And, finally, there is going on now among the peasants a deep religious movement, quite different from the Scholastic movement of old—for this one is Protestant and not Scholastic. Within the last thirty years the very character of the religious movement has entirely changed. Taking, for instance, the Dukhobors who have emigrated to Canada; these attach less importance to the letter of the text than to the

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 27)

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THE MIRACLE OF THE MEDICINE WIRE

BY
ARTHUR J. STRINGER

Author of "How Bill Got his Grizzly," Etc., Etc.



I

HAD RIDDEN down through twenty miles of muskeg and conlee to send a ten-word message back to civilization. But I might as well have asked to talk to Mars, for the wire was down, and till Timothy Macarthur, operator and general manager of the northern terminal of "The Klondike Overland," should see fit to bestir himself and patch up his line, Pokaput Gap was doomed to be beyond all ken of the world.

"Tis this way, sorr, if it's reasons you're lookin' for," said Timothy, stretching his six feet of bacon-fed laziness and tilling the four walls of the Terminal Office with the most foul-smelling tobacco-smoke. "Three days back, sorr, a wisp av a wind came up, and down wint the wire, most natcherl and explected. You marn't know, sorr, 'twas niver strung for the sindin' av dispatches. The truth is, 'tis little more than a row av fishin' poles hid up by a stovepipe wire, and constructed that frail a heavy dew brings it down av a night."

"But why hasn't it been repaired?"

"Repaired, is it? Yis, it has been repaired. I sint me trusted assistant, a breed you may know by the name av Injin Joe, down the line wid twenty feet av new wire and instructions to mind that break to wanst. But the hathan mind av the Rid Skin will niver comprehend the mysterious secrets av the tilligraph!"

"Why?"

"Why? Why, because, sorr, that copper-colored consumer of fire-water secreted that twenty feet av wire for the giniral repairin' av his dog harness, and put the line up wid eight feet av halter-shank, thinkin', by the same, I'd niver be a plannin' the wisor!"

Timothy settled himself more comfortably on a sack of evaporated apples, and then went on:

"Ah, 'tis a heap av trouble this line has been to me in its time. But 'tis past troublein' me now. 'Twas me and me frind Little Jake got the contrack from the Comp'ny for puttin' it up, and 'twas a nice time we had av it. In the first place, 'twas a soap-bubble Comp'ny, wid a travellin' agent misguidin' three hundred stockholders into the belief 'twas but a three weeks' trip from here clean up to Dawson City. And 'twas to be done wid horse and carriage, mind you, aisy and comfortable. The wire was to mark the first sivity miles av the route, for, mind ye, 'twas to be a coach route, goin' by the name av 'The Klondike Overland.' The Comp'ny had their frinds wid the gover'mint, but before they could git hold av a charter they were told to show good faith by puttin' up this bit av wire from Napioka to the Gap."

"That's how Little Jake and meself got the contrack for our sivity miles av line, to be done as cheap as the consumin' greed av man could devise. There was money enough in it, I'm thinkin', but 'twas near the indin' av both av us, for the contrack took the line right through the heart av the country av Thunder Burd, the most hathan-souled and fractious Injin among all the Crees. 'Twas Thunder Burd's land, too, by threoty rights; but, as I said, the Comp'ny had their frinds wid the gover'mint, and, as Little Jake minions to me, 'Tis not for us, Tim, to lose the likes av a good job,' says he, 'for the growlin' av a dog-eatin' Cree.'

"But there's divil an Injin I've consumed gover'mint rations could understand the mysteries av the illietric tilligraph. It's beyont the hathan mind, I'm thinkin', for many an hour, me frind, I've worked wid that Injin Joe av mine, tryin' to show him the simplicity av the thing, which a Dublin schoolboy can swallow like a doughnut. But 'tis all beyont the comprehension av the Rid Skin. And what an Injin can't understand he's iverlastin' afraid av. And what he's afraid av he's goin' to hate. And what he hates he's goin' to do away wid whin the time comes."

"Still, Little Jake and meself put on a bodd face and wint diggin' our tilligraph poles up into this Thunder Burd's terri-

ory as aisy as diggin' ditches through the streets av New York. But we made no spicial noise over it. Little Jake would have nothin' but tin-foot poles, such bein' most unlikely to attract the attention av the Crees, and more aisy-like to handle. All our contrack called for, mind you, was the construction av that line. If the follies and superstitions av the uncomprehendin' Rid Skin was drivin' him to tear it down after us, 'twas no doin' av ours. Therefore, by the same, 'twas a most secretious line we put up, the two av us, hopin' and prayin' each mornin' we'd git our hundred and twenty poles strung that day widout drawin' the attention av our frind Thunder Burd.

"So whin we got a chance to build under cover 'twas under cover we built, the giniral result bein' that our wire wint wanderin' up through that sivity mile av broken country like a man goin' home from a wake. Whin we came to a stretch av timber, we carried the wire the whole length av it, though it took twenty more blissed poles to the mile. Whin we came to a bit av a valley, out av a giniral bashfulness and a hungerin' for privacy we'd tack three and four miles out av our natcherl course before decidin' to turn up into open country again. Niver did you see a more distant-minded and backward construction gang. In fact, whin we got further up country, I must confess we did a powerful lot av our work by the light av the moon."

"But 'tis no aisy thing to secrete sivity miles av tilligraph line! And many's the time Little Jake said he'd give wan hundred dollars if that contrack had called for an underground system."

"'Twas a good half way up to the Gap we'd carried our line whin wan mornin' we discovered some twenty av our poles cut off close to the ground and three coils av our stovepipe metal carried off. Thin we saw plain as your hand that our frind Thunder Burd and his bucks had discovered us, and that we could count on our troubles beginnin'. And they did, wid no mistake. 'Twas the divil's own time we had from that day on, what wid the heavy rains, and the loneliness av that desert av rock and swamp, and the black flies by day and the bitin' cold by night, and thin pagan Crees carryin' off our wire and burnin' our tin-foot poles and iverlastin' interferin' wid our connection wid Napioka."

"This was all sore distressin' to Little Jake, and he wint bristlin' up and down his line like a hornet. But niver a trace av a Cree did he git, till wan night he sat up wid a rifle across his knee, and in the dark sighted wan av Thunder Burd's braves interferin' wid a coil av our wire. Little Jake sint him away wid a bullet in his shoulder-blade, and thin rolled up in his blankets and slept like a child."

"In wan hour's time a good three dozen av Thunder Burd's braves came ridin' and yellin' and whoopin' round our camp, and before Little Jake and meself had fair shaken the sleep from our eyes they had the two av us tied up as nate as you please. Thin they danced and howled round the two av us, shakin' their fists in our face and shootin' off their guns in our ears, wid all the tinder insolence av the pagan heart whin it's bint on celebratin' a riving party."

"While these thriflin' pleasantries were takin' place Thunder Burd himself rode up, the sickest-lookin' chief you iver saw put foot on a bronco. He came attinded by two squaws, wid his head wrapped up in a blanket and a jaw on him like a smoked ham."

"Seems like me copper frind had a bit av a toothache," says Little Jake to me, bein' wan av them as would pass the joke round at his own funeral. "Tim," says he, wid a most earnest look in the tail av the eye, "Tim, I'd give tin years av me life to be his dentist!"

"But tin minutes after that Little Jake was pullin' a face as long as me arm. He was able to speak their lingo, somewhat more or less, you see, and whin Thunder Burd called off his braves and they sat round in a most solemn sort av pow-wow, Little Jake began to comprehend there was trouble ahead for that tilligraph construction gang av two. And 'twould have taken the starch out av a stiffer neck than his, I'm thinkin'!"

"Tim," calls over Little Jake to me, 'do you know the giniral meanin' and drift av all this here hathan speechifyin'?"

"'Tis all beyont me!" says I.

"They're havin'," says he, 'a most interestin' debate,' says he, 'as to which wan av us two is to step off the earth first, wid a side-question regardin' the giniral method he's to do the steppin' in!'"

"'Twas no pleasant feelin', sorr, but I wasn't for makin' a show av me sensations before me frind. And there stood Jake wid his eye cocked on that circle av braves, and there stood meself wid me own eye cocked on Jake."

"Thin Jake turned to me wid a queer look on the face av him and says, 'Tis decided, Tim, they're after thinkin' I'm the boy who did the shootin',' says he, 'and they're goin' to give me some av me own medicine!'"

"'Tis unjust!" says I, pullin' at me ropes wid rage, 'and I won't stand for it, for I'm in it wid you to the ind,' says I.

"Don't you lose sleep over that, Tim," says Jake, 'They're holdin' you,' says he, 'holdin' you—for torture!'"

"Thin I'll die hard!" says I.

"'Twill please them the more!" says Jake.

"'Hilp may come!" says I.

"If we could only sind word," says he, lookin' down at the instrumint, not tin paces away, 'Twas still connected, from the evenin' before, where we'd been sindin' back word to Napioka for frish wire and grub."

"There's just wan chance," says Jake; 'for like as not these divils know 'tis the Tackin' Wire, and won't put up wid the sindin' av dispatches widout havin' their minds diverted. Our wan chance,' says he, 'is wid that beautiful toothache now rackin' the jaw av this black-souled chief av theirs. 'Tisn't much av a show, Tim, but I now address the asssembled meetin', says he, 'and discover the giniral lay av the land.'

"And with that Little Jake turns to the old chief and his circle av braves and makes them a speech in their own lingo, wavin' his hands and poundin' out the flowers av rhetoric, as far as his rope'd allow, till he was clean frothin' at the mouth wid illoquence. 'Twas all widout meanin' to meself, not knowin' their tongue, but Little Jake was tellin' them how he was the first-born av the Full Moon and the son av sivityteen white-faced Medicine Min, and that wid the power av the medicine wire that connects wid the Mornin' Star he could charm away the ache from Thunder Burd's jaw as aisy as rollin' off a log, and if they'd be so kind and considerate as to untie a few av the ropes at prisint interferin' wid his circulation he'd consult wid the home speerits and see what could be done."

"Thunder Burd sat rockin' by the fire, holdin' hot ashes to his face, and whin he heard that speech he looked round and asked what the white dog mint by blatherin' about medicine min and speerits."

"Thin Little Jake waved his hands for another tin minutes and yelled more lingo at thin, tellin' them they could make dog-meat av his carcass if his medicine didn't kill the pain in the jaw av the great chief in less thin the time it takes to boil a jack-rabbit."

"Thin Thunder Burd and his bucks had a long pow-wow by thimselves—and oh, what a love for hearin' himself speak the Rid Skin has!—and some were for shootin' Little Jake on the spot and some were for tryin' the white dog's medicine first and thin shootin' him. Between speeches Thunder Burd sat by the fire rockin' wan way and thin the other, holdin' the jaw av him wid his two hands and makin' a picture av woe that wint to the heart av Little Jake and me, and did a power to intertain us through thin dark and tryin' hours."

"Tin years, Tim," says Jake to me, 'tin years av me life would I give just to fill that tooth wid some av our maple syrup!'"

"A rickless divil he was, I knew, and whin Thunder Burd turned to him and said he didn't mind tryin' the white dog's medicine, I made him give me his oath he'd do no trick-playin' wid that old Cree. 'Twas not needed, I'm thinkin', for Thunder Burd pointed out to Jake most cheerin' that if the sleep av peace didn't come to his achin' jaw in tin flaps av a hawk's wing the white dog would go to the wummin for torture, same as meself."

"Two av the braves untied Little Jake, and wid a rifle on either side av him he walks to the grub-tint and takes out the bottle av clove-oil from the medicine chest, and tells the chief he will now proceed to work the charm av the medicine wire. Thin he ties his bottle av clove-oil to the switch wire above the instrumint, and does a bit of a sailor's hornpipe, and waves wan arm above his head, and sings out at the top av his lungs:

"Hickory, dickory, dock.
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck wan.
The mouse ran down.
Hickory, dickory, dock!"

"Sing it," says Jake to Thunder Burd and his bucks, 'sing it, or divil a bit your charm will work this day. 'Tis the song

the Medicine Wire that runs from here to the Mornin' Star," says he, "the Medicine Wire that puts all the Red Man's men to sleep and makes him live forever. Sing it, me brave warriors, for 'twas taught to me by me old mother, the Full Moon, says he. And to me dyin' day I'll never forget him singin' av big Injins sittin' round that tillgraph pole singin' 'Hickory, dickory, dock,' as though the life av thim depended on it."

"And all the time Little Jake was dancin' and jumpin' and yellin' like wan possesst, till I said wid meself his troubles had been taken the mind out av him. Thin, all of a sudden, he falls out to thim singin' Injins to stop. 'Silence, me frinds, silence!' says he. 'Tis comin', the charm is comin'!' And wid that he threw himself flat on his belly in front av the instrument, and slipped open the switch, and there he was tillgraphin' back to Napioka for help. I wasn't much av a hand wid the key meself in thim days, but I could spell out the dots and dashes where I stood. 'Sind help,' it said, 'sind help, quick Crees risen killin' whites answer.'"

"The stillness av death came over us while we waited for that answer. I could see the sweat shinin' on the face av Little Jake. There was an impatient sort av a growlin' from the asfubled bucks, who must have been thinkin' 'twas the devil av a hard medicine to make. So to kill a bit av the time Little Jake pretended to be havin' second-sight convulsions while layin' there waitin' in front av the instrument. Thin I heard the instrument again, and Little Jake all av a sudden stopped his twistin' and turnin', and I could spell out the dickets av the receiver the same as if I had me face over the key. 'Hilp comin', it said, 'hilp comin' at wanst from the Fort.'"

And wid that Little Jake jumped to his feet and danced and howled and wint on like a mad man. 'Did ye hear that, Tim,' he yelled, 'did ye hear that?'

"Thin he came to his senses wanst more, and remembered about Thunder Burd and the bottle. He hands it down from the wire wid the greatest rinvince, and, takin' a bunch av cotton-wool and holdin' it up to the east and thin up to the west, wid a fine flourish he dips it into the bottle av clove-oil, and, havin' recited sivil lines av 'The Wearin' av the Green,' he paws it down in the hollow tooth av this Thunder Burd. Thin makin' a couple av magic passes over his dirty old head, he stands off a bit from the big chief and tells him the Medicine Wire was workin' most beautiful that day.

"Now, this oil av cloves I speak av is a powerful strong drug, I'm thinkin', and 'twas fine to see the way it chased the little devils av pain out av that old hathan's jaw. 'Twat wonder Thunder Burd took me frind for a sort av speerit, and treated him wid a heap more respectful attention thin before.

"'Great is the medicine av the white man's wire,' says Thunder Burd, wid a wave av his paw, 'and great is the power av the white man wid the whisks like the fire av the sunset! Therefore,' says he, wid another wave av the hand, 'he shall not be taken out and shot like a dog. Wan,' says he, 'will be enough!'

"'Wan?' says Little Jake.

"'Yis,' says Thunder Burd, as aisy as you please, 'the white dog wid the shakin' legs yonder will do!—meanin' me, av course.

"'Whin Little Jake imparts this intilligence to me, I re-

minder, 'twas wid a most unaisy feelin' round the pit av the stomach I waited for the ginal progress av evints.

"'But why not kill him wid the Medicine Wire?' says Little Jake, wid the way av a black-snake for gittin' out av a hole.

"'How is that done?' says the old chief.

"'Aisy as lookin' at you,' says Little Jake. 'All you have to do, sorr, is to put three coils av the wire about the body, bring on the magic medicine av the Mornin' Star, and leave him there,' says he, 'leave him there to die by inches, wid a torture,' says he, 'that would make slow fire seem like ristin' on the clouds av the mornin',' says he.

"'Good!' said that wicked old pagan av a Cree—or wid words to that effect. 'Good! Let the torture begin to wanst! Come round, boys,' says he to his braves—or something wid that ginal meanin'—'come round and see the latest thing in torturin'!

"'Now, Tim,' says Little Jake to me, 'remember, you must die hard. The harder the better,' says he. 'Whin I put thim wires round you, just imagine wid yourself there's a tin-hundred volt currin' playin' up and down your backbone, and lit out all the yellin' and writhin' and twistin' ye have in thim old bones av yours!'

"'Jake,' says I, a bit put out wid his aisy way av proposin' this torture business, 'I always thought ye were a frind av mine!'

"'Frind, is it?' says he. 'Why, 'tis savin' your life I am for ye, Tim. 'Tis to gain time, me boy, and 'twill be over soon. But ye mustn't give in till ye see the signs av hilp comin' down that coulee,' says he, 'though ye have to yell and twist for three blessed days,' says he.

"And wid that he began singin' his 'Hickory, dickory, dock,' like he was clean out av his head, and doin' his sailor's hornpipe and invokin' the speerit av the Full Moon and the Mornin' Star, till it all seemed like a bed nightmare wid-out an mdin', to me. Thin he picks up tin or twelve feet av the tillgraph wire wid a pair av tongs and, comin' forinst me, says between his teeth, 'Now twist, Tim, for the love av hivin, twist! And don't forget the yellin'.'

"And wid that he wraps the wire round me body three times, and stands back a stip or two, wid his hands above his head, waitin' for the torture av the Mornin' Star to discind on me innocent soul.

"Well, 'twas a powerful voice I had in thim days, and diggin' wan hundred and twenty tillgraph holes a day gives me the muscle fitted for doin' a heap av twistin'. And the way I exercised me voice and took on in ginal all but persuaded me against me own will I was bein' slowly murdered by that innocent bit av a wire. Whin I got tired av yellin' and screamin' I gave all me strength to writhin', and whin I got tired av writhin' I'd go back to me screamin', and whin I got tired av both Little Jake would say under his breath, 'For the love av hivin, Tim, don't stop! You're doin' noble,' says he. 'Tis the finest agony I ever set eyes on,' says he, 'and I'd take ye to be dyin' ivry minute av the time,' says he. 'You're foolin' the hathans through and through,' says he, 'for 'tis like a piece av bacon on a hot pan, that writhin' av yours,' says he, meanin' the same to help me along.

"But I was fightin' mad wid the mockery av the whole thing, and me throat was gittin' like a limekiln, and me back was achin' where there'd niver been aches before, and the

names I called that man would niver bear repeatin' in cold blood.

"'I'll not stand it!' says I, yellin' like a madman at him. 'I'll not stand it, shootin' or no shootin'. And I've had more thin enough av this foolery!'

"Thin Little Jake comprehends that I'm clean played out, and, goin' over to Thunder Burd, where he sits ghastly in his blanket, he says, 'We're killin' him too fast,' says he, 'and the show will be over before you git your money's worth, I'm thinkin'. Maybe the mighty chief,' says he, 'would like to prolong the performance,' says he, 'by givin' it to the white dog in smaller doses, which is less violint,' says he, 'and more artistic and lastin'.'

"Thunder Burd said he'd like to have it last a couple av days if possible, 'twas that plensin' to his nightiness.

"So Little Jake takes off wan coil av the wire and tells me to take it aisy for a while. 'Just roll your eyes for a rist, Tim, and twist your face,' says he. 'Twil also you a bit,' says he, 'for if that hilp isn't here by the mornin' 'twil be another tryin' day ahead av you, I'm thinkin',' says he.

"Well, 'twas the worst day and night that ever I wint through. And I'll be blist if thim hathan Crees weren't sittin' round before daylight waitin' for the second performance av the torture. Thunder Burd had kept Little Jake pluggin' his tooth wid clove-oil iv'ry tin minutes av the night, and divil a bit av grub and water could he git out to me wid, he was watched that close.

"Thin, as the sun came up over that land av rock and dissolution, I clapped me eye on a sight that made me heart fair sing wid joy. 'Twat the Riders av the Plains, a dozen and more av thim, and I could see the rid jackets and the yellow facin's av thim shinin' in the mornin' sun as they came prancin' down the coulee. And I niver seen white man nor Red more taken back thin me frind Thunder Burd. In two shakes av a bronco's tail that pathrollin' party had the whole gang av Crees surrounded as nate as you please.

"'Twat heart-rindin', the way Little Jake pleaded wid the Corporal av that pathrollin' party for the immejit ixecution av Thunder Burd and his whole followin'. 'Twould have moved a heart av stone. But the Corporal said 'twas agin all law, and that the most he could do was to take thim down to the Fort for examination. Little Jake was the most broken-hearted man you ever set eyes on, and fair wept wid rage.

"'But it all came out even, I'm thinkin', in the ind. Whin the P'lice had Thunder Burd and his frinds corralled up and all riddy to escort down the line to the Fort, the old chief comes whinin' over to Little Jake, and bids him for the love av the Mornin' Star and his mother, the Full Moon, to give him wan last toothful av his magic oil.

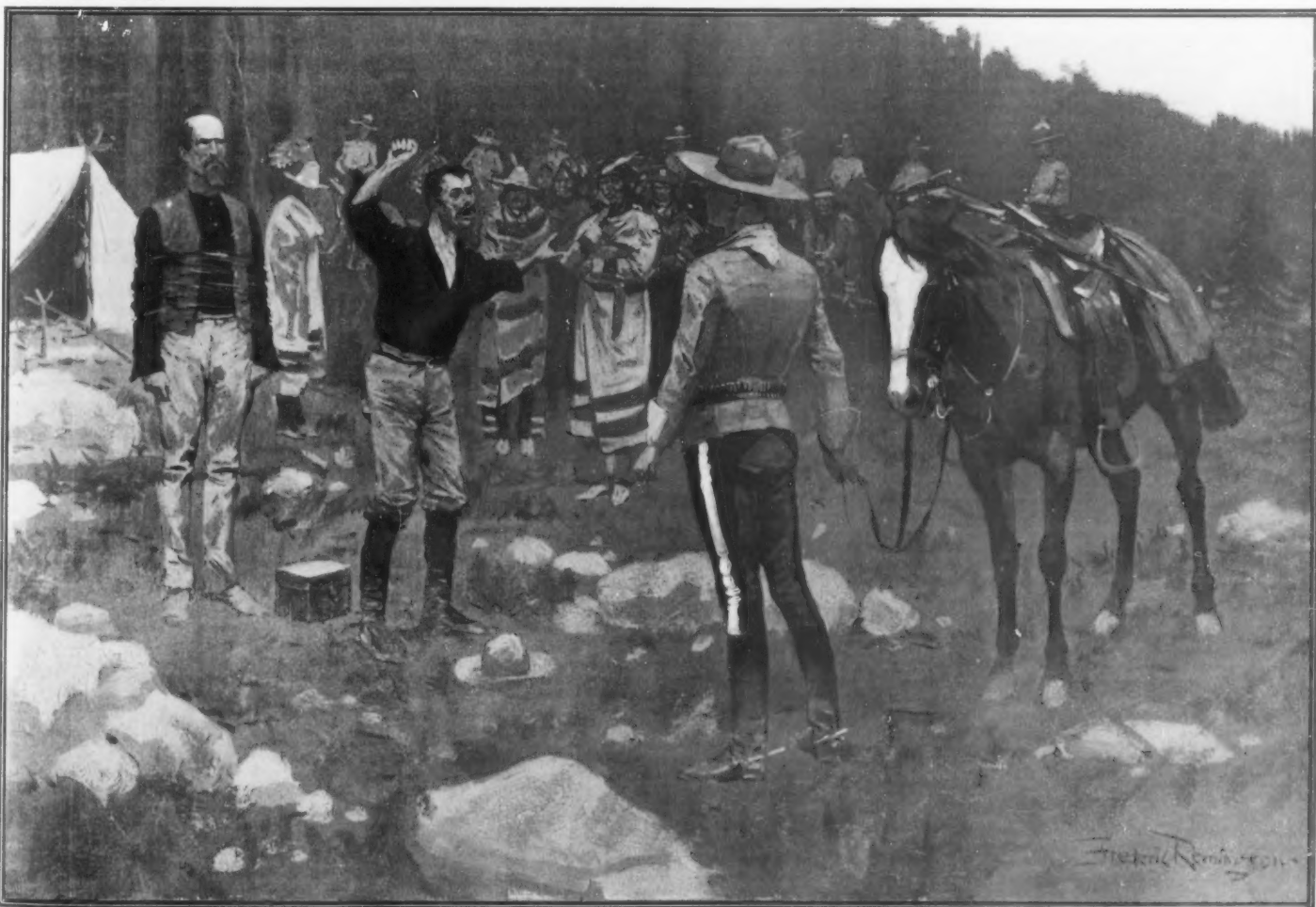
"'Twat the makin' av a new man av Jake. He slips into the grub-tint and dips a piece av his cotton-wool in the maple-syrup can, and thin packs it down tight as you please in the tooth av that old hathan.

"'It took two min to hold Thunder Burd for the next couple av hours, and the yellin' and squinnin' he wint through would have done your heart good.

"'Sure, Tim,' says Little Jake that afternoon, startin' to dig his tillgraph holes as if nothin' at all at all had happened, 'I'm thinkin', Tim, our hathan frind is a bit av a snake whin it comes to writhin'. But you can beat him, Tim, tin to wan!'

THE END

DRINK BY TREASURE REMINGTON



"'TWAS HEART-RINDIN', THE WAY LITTLE JAKE PLEADED WID THE CORPORAL . . . FOR THE IMMEJIT IXECUTION AV THUNDER BURD AND HIS WHOLE FOLLOWIN'!"



REMINISCENCES OF A "BACK NUMBER"

By JOSIAH FLYNT

THERE RECENTLY passed through New York City a very interesting man who calls himself a "Back Number." In criminal life a "Back Number" is one who is either no longer active as a thief, or one who blunders so badly that he is rated a failure in spite of brilliant former achievements. The man in question is no longer active as a thief, but he takes great interest in keeping track of his old friends and acquaintances, whether they have "squared it" or not. He claims that the majority of the men with whom he used to travel are under the sod—at any rate, he cannot locate them above it—but there are a few still on earth that he likes to talk about. One of these few is the man who has become prominent in connection with the return of the "Gainsborough" picture to its lawful owner. His name is Adam Worth—not "Aaron Jones," and half a dozen other names that have been given to him in the public prints—names that the people who gave them knew were lies—and the understanding is that he was recently in New York City as well as Chicago. It was this fact that prompted the Back Number to talk to me as he did. Personally, the Back Number does not care who comes to New York or leaves it; it is not his business to inform the public about celebrities of the Under World; but occasionally the Back Number and I meet and get to talking, and he does not hesitate to express his opinions freely. On his late visit to New York we fell to discussing the "Gainsborough" picture, and the Back Number spoke as follows:

"Of course I ain't kickin' that Worth wasn't copped out; he can go to the devil and back for all of me; but I want to explain to you, Flynt, how his visit to this country shows how the dear old pub is fooled, and how the police of the country stand for the fooling. Let me tell you first, though, what I know about Worth personally. I may be mistaken, but I've always taken him for a Jew. He's a rather smallish, dyspeptic-looking fellow, with a quick, nervous kind of way about him. He's business from the bottom of his heels to the top of his head; when I knew him he was interested in everything that meant dough. I ran up against him first about fourteen years ago. Another fellow and me had done a job over in England, got copped out for it, and I was turned loose a few weeks ahead of the other fellow. We'd planned the swag (plunder) against the time when we was to get out, and when I got free, I lifted the plant, went to London, and connected with Worth. At that time he was the biggest go-between and fence for American crooks on the other side of the water, and I went up against him just as you might go up against some business man. He took me and the swag into his home in Piccadilly, and I waited there until my pal was turned out of the stir."

"How did he live, pretty swell?"

"I ain't ever lived better than I did there, and you know 't I've lived well in my day. 'Course I had to be careful not to let the Scotland Yard people get next to me, 'cause they piped off Worth's house night and day. A crossin' sweeper in Piccadilly was the main pipe at that time, but we all knew him. Worth and I used to meet mainly in Hyde Park, when I wasn't shut up in his home. I've had to stay there a week at a time without going out. Well, I did business with and for Worth for quite a while. He had a yacht called *Shamrock*—not Lipton's boat, you understand, but the *Shamrock* of the old guns—and him and the rest of us used to sail around in the Channel and the North Sea, stop at towns where we thought there was a good mark in the shape of a bank, pipe it off, and then make plans for doin' it. Sometimes Worth would know of a mark without the rest of us having seen it, and he'd send one of us across the drink."

"Was Worth always on the level with you?"

"Most the time I think he was, but I'll be on the level with you, Flynt—never trust absolutely a man who's a thief. When Worth doubted me, I said to him: 'Adam, I got a good swag, and I'll stand by it.' On one occasion, Adam turned to me and says: 'Young fellow, see what I got,' and he showed me a glassful of inset diamonds. The pal that was in the stir with me before we ran up against Worth has always believed that Worth did us out of some swag, and that's the reason we finally quit him."

"How much was the swag short?"

"Well, it was four or five thimbles (watches) short, besides some sparklers. 'Course Worth may never have touched 'em, but if he didn't we don't know who did."

"Did you know anything about the robbery of the 'Gainsborough' picture?"

"No, all 't I knew, or guessed, was that the picture was somewhere on this side. I knew 'Hoppy' and 'Joe' Elliot, the New York fellows that was mixed up in the robbery, but that's all.—'Course you see how Worth has bettered himself by returning the picture, don't you?"

"I see that he got some money out of it, if that's what you mean."

"No, I mean something else. In the first place, he has helped the Big Fellow (Mr. Pinkerton) show those Scotland Yard loosers how much slicker he is than they are. They've been gunnin' for that picture for the last quarter of a century, and couldn't find it. The Big Fellow and 'Pat' Sheedy found it and returned it, and the credit goes to them. In the second place, Worth has squared himself with the aristocrats in England. I'll bet you he'll be hob-nobbin' with some of them inside of a year, if he wants to. You saw, didn't you, that he went back to England on the same steamer that carried the guy who used to own the picture? Besides, Worth has made a reputation for himself by returning a swell piece of property that aristocrats have always been interested in. If he wants to square it, as they say he does, and live on the dead level, he can get his family into society."

"Has he got much money saved up?"

"Well, I put him down to be worth \$150,000 at least, but I'm pretty sure that he once had a good deal more. His yacht alone was said to be worth \$60,000. Boy, the times we used to have on that boat! Worth, you know, 'ud stock her up with swell eats and drinks, and we'd go out into the Channel on a cruise. The Scotland Yard people piped off the yacht whenever she was at Covey, but Worth was careful to always hire a respectable crew, and never let 'em get next to what was on. Sometimes he'd take his family along too, and the sailors never knew but what we was just a pleasure party."

"Did Worth realize much on his 'operations' in this country before he left for England?"

"They say that his bit alone out of the Ocean Bank robbery in this city was \$150,000; but, you see, I never ran up against him till we met in London, so I can't tell you much about his winnings on this side. I'd heard of him of course before seeing him, and knew that he was rated a good bank-man. Men get reputations, you know, in the gun's world just as they do anywhere else, and I knew when I went to England that Worth was a fellow to steer up against. At the time I first met him he was considered the best gun, or fence if you like, for an American gun to bunch with, and we all looked him up sooner or later. Billy Porter, Peter Fitzgerald, Jack Irvin, and John the Mick, if they was alive, would tell you the same thing. Whenever any of us needed a go-between, or wanted to fence or store swag, Adam Worth was the man we did business with. He knew every good American gun abroad; he was next to most of their jobs; he planned a lot of 'em himself, and he always got a percentage out of our plunder. I tell you all this so that you can know what kind of a man it was that stole the 'Gainsborough.' He's been a thief, and a professional one ever since I knew of his name, and I got acquainted with him both as a thief and go-between. Now, I want to ask you as man to man what the police of two countries like England and the United States mean when they allow such a man to pass to and fro unmolested? Can you give me any satisfactory explanation of that way o' doin' things?"

The little man's eyes snapped, and one would never have imagined that he had been a "gun" himself. For once in his life at least he was experiencing genuine moral indignation.

"Understand, Flynt," he continued in a moment, "it ain't any o' my personal business whether Worth is ever rounded up, but what are the citizens of England and this country thinking of when they permit the police to overlook such an old rascal? That's the question."

"They probably know very little about him," I replied.

"Well, I guess that's so, and that's the reason I got started talking. The poor pub is kept in ignorance because the police don't shout. Take the Scotland Yard people, or the New York or Chicago police. If I'd been at the head of Scotland Yard at the time Worth started for this country, I'd have notified the New York police of his departure from England, and I'd have seen to it that the American public knew the kind of man it was about to receive."

"Perhaps all of Worth's known crimes are outlawed just as the 'Gainsborough' robbery was, and he could not be touched."

"I know that they're not," the Back Number declared emphatically, "but that ain't the point. The idea is that until he has proved himself to be something else, he's a confessed thief and criminal, and it was up to the police to corral him and try to settle him for some of his jobs."

"But what could the New York police have done with him if they had known about his coming? He's a hard man to put away."

"Well, if I'd been chief I'd 'a' worried him anyhow. I'd 'a' had him mugged again, shown him up, and generally made his stay here unpleasant."

"But I thought it was good business not to unnecessarily antagonize the gun's world?"

"It is, and it isn't; it depends on the gun and the circumstances. I personally shouldn't 'a' been afraid to antagonize Worth, 'cause he's such a sly old dog that it 'ud 'a' hurt him to be 'stood up,' and it pays sometimes to see that the hurt bites hard. He wanted that reward for the 'Gainsborough,' and he wanted it bad, and I'd 'a' delayed his getting it just as long as I could."

"You say that quite impartially?"

"Absolutely. I ain't got any grudge against Worth, not even on account of that short swag deal, but when I read in the newspapers about his bein' over here and passin' around like a swell guy, makin' business deals and generally doing the 'big thing' act, I couldn't help thinking, as I said at the start, of how the poor old pub is fooled. A thief is a thief all over the world, and I believe he ought to be treated like one. I never asked any odds of England or America when I was on the turf, and I never expected any. All I wanted was an 'even break,' and I was prepared if I fell to do my bit. Worth comes over here like a respected international celebrity, and the newspapers throw the con into the pub by surroundin' his name with all kinds of romance. There's no romance about Worth, not a damn bit. He has been an extraordinarily successful gun—he is perhaps the only one of the old timers who've stuck by the business who's got much to show for his work—and, as I told you, he may get into society, but that ain't romance in my opinion. It's straightforward humbug, nothin' more and nothin' less."

"Then even when a man like Worth squares it and tries to be respectable, you believe in continuing to dig into him, do you?"

"Every time, if he hasn't sense enough to square it quietly and modestly. An old thief has no business tryin' to four-flush, and I call it four-flushin' when a man passes from one country to another in the bold way that Worth did. An old thief can't be said to have squared it either when he cops out rewards for things he's stolen and can't sell."

The Back Number paused for a moment, and seemed to lose himself in thought, but he spoke up again soon.

"There's something wrong, Flynt, about the way we Americans look at crime. If we get it into our heads that a fellow's damn slick and clever, we excuse a lot of his crooked work. Take Jesse James, for example. The pub sympathized with him a great deal more than it wanted to settle him, and yet he was one of the toughest mix-ups this country has known. Now, why did the pub squeeze onions under its eyes when he was on earth? I can tell you why. Because the newspapers had him fixed up in such a devil of a lot o' mystery and romance. Take again that handsome young 'kid' that we both know out in that Western stir. You remember how the district attorney and even the judge were stuck on him because he was so nice lookin' and bright? Well, what's his record? He's nothin' but a thief, that's all."

"But he aroused sympathy on account of his youth."

"Partly perhaps, but don't you see what I'm driving at? We slop over in this country when we get on the sympathy racket. That's what makes our prisons so much easier than those in England. I've done time on both sides, and let me tell you that those English stirrs give a man all that's comin' to him. Worth'll tell you that too. Indeed, he can give you pointers on some o' the Continental stirrs. If we punished the professional gun in this country the way they do in England and Europe, and wouldn't slop over in trying to show him sympathy when he's free, he wouldn't live in Easy Street the way he does to-day. The thing to do with the gun, I don't care whether he's an Adam Worth, a Langdon W. Moore, or what you like, is to make life so damn disagreeable for him that his own common-sense tells him that he'd better give up the game."

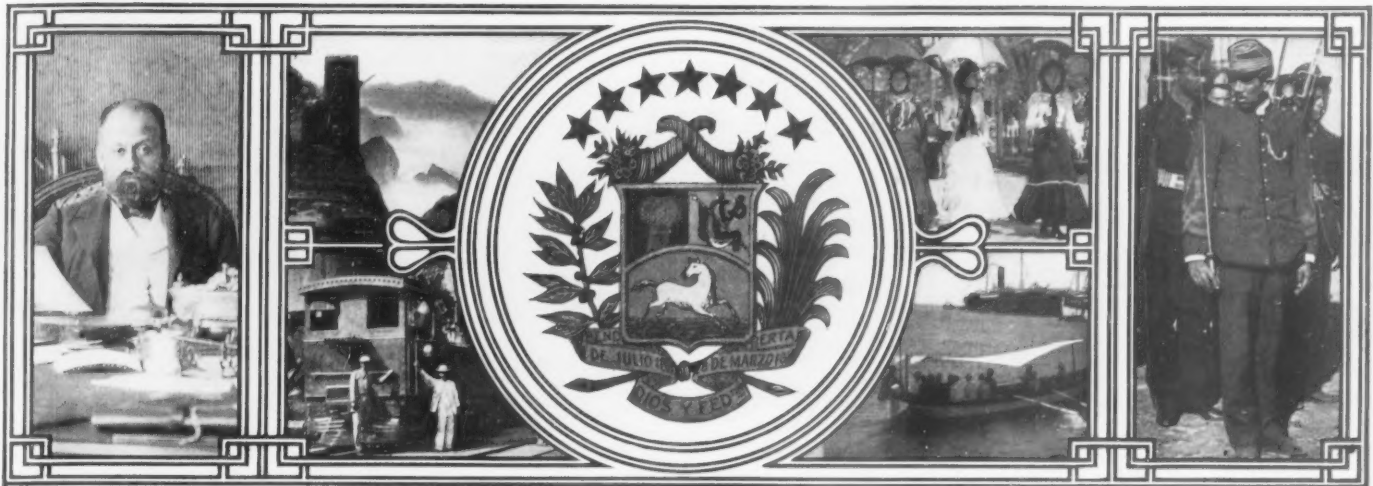
"Would you have given it up if you'd been able to make out of it all that Worth has?"

"Boy, who can answer a question like that? All I know is that when I came out o' the last stir I was in I didn't have a red to my name, and yet I'd had in my possession at different times a great many thousands of dollars. I chuckled the game because I was getting old, and I didn't see how I was going to win. If Worth keeps on as a crook he may have a 'dead tumble' yet. The 'tumble' comes to the best of 'em, if they'll only wait for it. I know, because I've seen my pals get it too often, and I've had it myself. I'm finished, and I think I can say that I'm glad that I am.—Well, so long, boy, I got to make my train. Take care o' yourself, and be happy."

Then he boarded a Fourth Avenue car, and was whisked away in the direction of the Grand Central Station. I have met other Back Numbers, but none has interested me so much as my old-time bank robber friend.

THE BREAKWATER AT LA GUAYRA

ON PLAZA BOLIVAR



PRESIDENT CASTRO

"LA GUAYRA TO CARACAS"

LANDING AT LA GUAYRA

DRESS PARADE

OPPORTUNITIES FOR AMERICANS IN VENEZUELA

By FRANCIS B. LOOMIS, United States Minister to Venezuela



FRANCIS B. LOOMIS

VENEZUELA, perhaps more than any of the other Latin-American Republics, has been lifted conspicuously into public view within the last decade. The reasons for this prominence are somewhat complex, and it is unnecessary to dwell upon them, though it may be said that lack of political and geographical considerations lies the great, disturbing, elemental factor of natural riches.

ASPHALT QUESTION QUICKLY SETTLED

There are a number of earnest, intelligent Americans of high character, who are making careful, scientific investigation of the country's natural resources. There are, too, some important American enterprises in that country in which large sums of capital have been invested. Doubtless greater sums of money have been put by Americans into asphalt properties than into any other kind of business venture in Venezuela.

There has been, of late, a good deal of controversy concerning the ownership of certain valuable asphalt deposits, but the questions at issue are now in process of peaceful adjustment in the Venezuelan courts, a procedure consistently urged by the government of the United States. Much misinformation has been circulated in reference to these matters, but what was really being discussed and done in an official way has not been disclosed.

It is not unreasonable to assume, however, that that intelligence which has safely guided the distinguished and highly creditable foreign policy of the United States through the perplexing and difficult mazes of European and Chinese diplomatic affairs may be trusted to dispose of any differences which may arise between the government of the United States and that of Venezuela in a just, patriotic and enlightened manner.

CASTRO WILL BE PRESIDENT

Venezuela has a republican form of government; General Cipriano Castro is the Provisional President. A new Constitution has recently been adopted which contains many of the salient features of both the Constitution of the United States and that of France. Two important innovations appear in it, one making the Ministry responsible, as it is in France, and the other change increasing the term of the President from four to six years.

A Presidential election will take place some time in the summer or autumn of this year, and the candidate then chosen by the ballots of the people will be inaugurated on the 20th of the following February. The chances are that General Castro will be elected President. He is esteemed a successful military man, and has suppressed every revolutionary uprising that has taken place since he came into power. He has an army of several thousand men, and they are being carefully drilled.

Venezuela has, too, a small but not inefficient gunboat squadron. It is composed of six or seven vessels, the largest of which is the former American yacht *Atalanta*. This vessel has been converted into a gunboat and carries one 3-inch gun and several 6-pounders, all of the most modern and efficient type. The Venezuelan troops are armed with Mauser rifles, and they are improving in marksmanship.

ENGLISH AND GERMANS IN CONTROL

Foreigners in Venezuela are not a large factor in point of numbers, but they play an important rôle in the business and development of the country. As there are about forty thousand Spaniards down there, they are more numerous than any other foreigners. The Italians come next in point of numbers, and then, perhaps, the English. This latter contingent is

composed almost wholly of colored people from the British West Indies; the number of white British subjects from the United Kingdom itself is very small. Some of the most important commercial enterprises of the country, however, are conducted in a very successful manner by Englishmen, and the capital invested in them comes from English sources.

The breakwater and dock facilities at La Guayra, the picturesque and scientifically interesting railroad from La Guayra to Caracas, and the large telephone system of the Federal District, with its extensive long-distance circuits, are successful and highly creditable English enterprises.

At present, the Germans probably have larger investments in Venezuela than any other foreigners, and the bulk of the commercial business of the country is in their hands, although half of the products are bought by the people of the United States.

No American should invest in a foreign country without a thorough, accurate, trustworthy knowledge of the property or business into which he proposes to put his money. I have received hundreds of letters from the United States requesting information in respect to the resources of Venezuela, and have many times been asked by would-be investors for advice. The uniform reply in such cases has been, "I am glad to give you as much general information as I properly may, but before you invest a penny go to Venezuela and make an adequate investigation on your own account." In considering what may be said here or elsewhere about the resources of foreign countries, I trust that this bit of advice may be heeded by my countrymen who are seeking investment abroad.

HOW TO CAPTURE VENEZUELAN TRADE

One point of supreme significance which the Germans have clearly grasped, and which has not been adequately comprehended by Americans, is the truth that in order to get something of lasting value out of a country it is necessary to put something into it. The Germans have put time, intelligence and money into Venezuela. One effect of their activity there is the attracting of German immigrants, and the advent of every fresh German arrival makes a greater demand for goods of German origin.

In seeking a market for their products in South American countries it is of the highest importance for American manufacturers and exporters to take a broad view of international commercial affairs and understand that the planting of a few American colonies in any Latin-American country will create a steady, substantial and growing demand for the product of American mills and farms. It is in this way that foreign trade in new countries may be most surely and easily developed.

Venezuela has immediate and pressing need of a large influx of well-meaning foreigners, who are willing to remain and aid in the development of the country. In the interests of American commerce in general, as well as for the advantage which may come to the immigrant, I earnestly hope to see at least a few small American colonies successfully planted some time on Venezuelan soil.

A NEW KLONDIKE AND NO FREEZING

Venezuela has been magnificently dowered by Nature with abundant and varied resources. For more than four centuries men in quest of gold have been seeking her shores. Sir Walter Raleigh fancied that the fabled El Dorado lay somewhere in the Valley of the Orinoco River. The discovery of the El Callao Mine some twenty years ago seems to have justified his belief in the abundant resources of the country. This mine in a few years produced upward of forty millions of dollars' worth of gold, it is stated, and it is one of the richest mines of which there is authentic record.

One hundred miles south of the Orinoco River lies a great expanse of territory—millions of acres in extent—much of which is known to contain gold, iron, copper, and other valuable minerals. It is the firm conviction of highly competent engineers and other investigators who have carefully explored this region that when the extent, value and comparative accessibility of its resources are once thoroughly understood, a strong, and it is to be feared turbulent, stream of immigration will flow to it, and the spirited scenes which marked the development of South Africa and the Klondike will be re-enacted in Eastern Venezuela.

GOLD FOR WOULD-BE MILLIONAIRES

Save in a few instances, Venezuelan gold fields have not been exploited by men with large capital, competent experi-

ence, and a knowledge of modern mining machinery and methods. This gold region does not attract the placer miner, for the reason that the best deposits are quartz, and for their reduction an extensive plant is necessary.

Another obstacle to the rapid development of the Venezuelan gold fields is, and has been, the belief that the climate of that section of South America is a particularly unwholesome and deadly one. It is true that during certain months people who go into the Orinoco Valley from the North, and who do not take precautions of a reasonable nature, are likely to contract malarial fevers; but diseases of this kind may very largely be avoided by proper attention to food, diet, water and clothing. So far as I can ascertain, much of the so-called gold region of Venezuela is probably no more insalubrious than were large portions of our Western States when the settlers first broke the soil. There is in the Venezuelan gold regions an abundance of good water and a number of powerful waterfalls capable of being utilized in a commercial way.

The gold fields of Venezuela also suffer grievously from lack of adequate transportation facilities. They lie not more than one hundred miles from the banks of one of the world's finest rivers, yet the miner has to transport all of his supplies upon the backs of donkeys, which makes life at the mines, and the operation of them, very expensive. The gold has to be brought out in the same manner. The vital need of the region is a railroad connecting it with some point on the Orinoco River, and when this is built probably the long-expected "awakening" will take place.

MANY INDUSTRIES AWAITING DEVELOPMENT

The mineral resources of Venezuela are by no means confined to gold. Asphalt, sulphur, copper, asbestos, petroleum, coal and iron are found. On the Orinoco River, about seventy-five miles from its mouth, is situated a remarkably rich deposit of valuable Bessemer ore. These mines have figured in diplomatic correspondence between Venezuela and the United States for upward of fifteen years; they have also been the subject of long and expensive litigation in the Venezuelan courts. Their ownership has finally been determined, and it is stated that they are soon to be exploited in a large way.

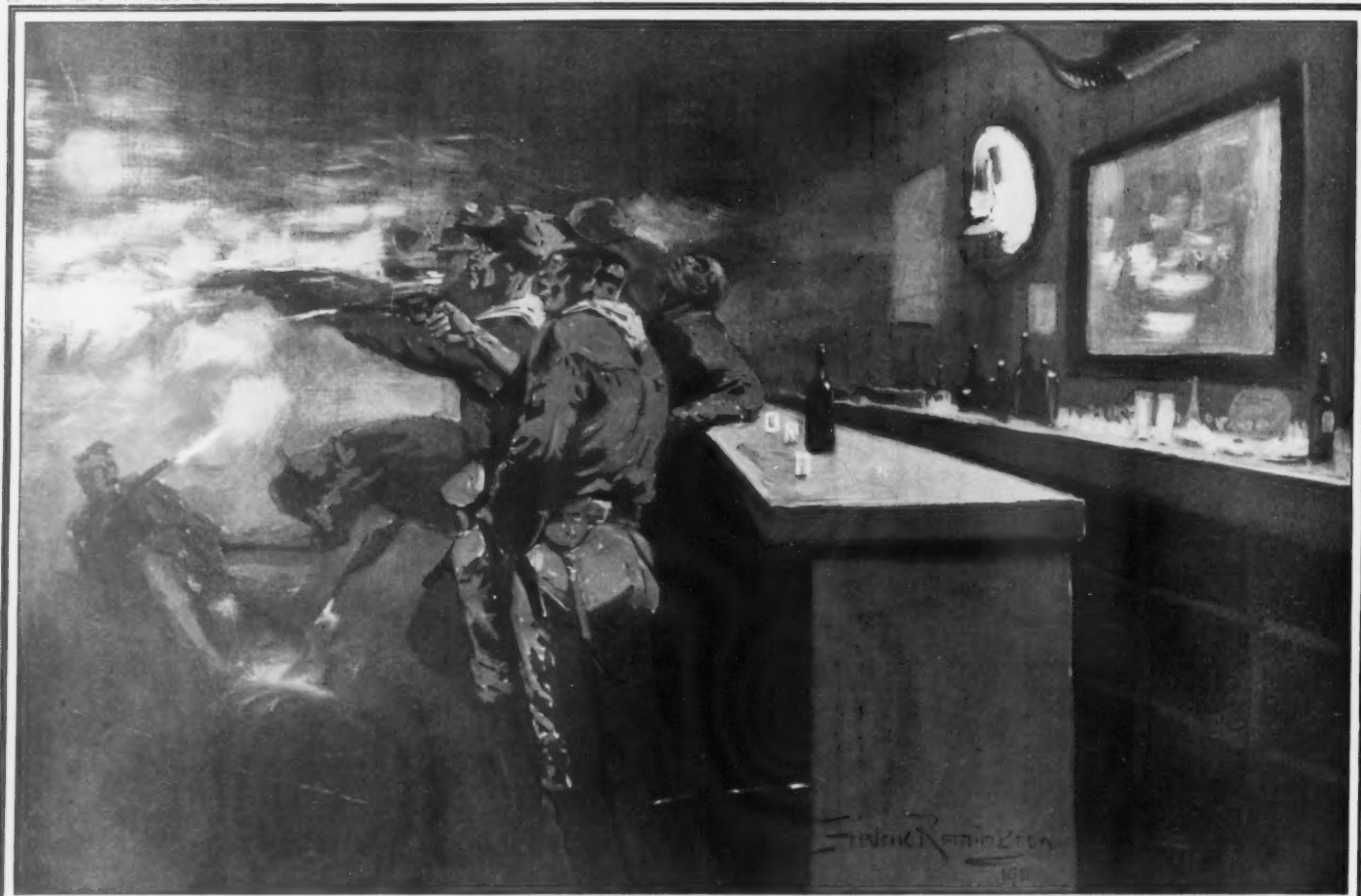
Pearl fishing has been carried on by the natives of the island of Margarita as a commercial enterprise for upward of three centuries, and there is no record that within this period other than the crudest methods have been employed. The annual output of pearls is valued at about one hundred thousand dollars; that is to say, this sum is what the fishermen receive who find the pearls. The pearls are bought by a few dealers who come from Europe for that purpose. There are few restrictions upon the pearl fisheries beyond a tax of twenty-four dollars per year which is laid upon each boat employed in the industry. There are about four hundred boats so employed. Each boat has a heavy metal drag, which is pulled along the bottom of the sea and which scoops up a quantity of oysters.

Within a few months European capitalists in command of large resources have been making a close study of the possibilities of the cattle business in Venezuela, and it is reported that it is their ultimate intention to establish a large plant for the preparation and preservation of beef in various palatable forms. Should this matter be taken up seriously, it is possible that the business of preserving meats may be established in Venezuela, which would come into serious competition with similar lines of industry in the United States.

Europeans are also seeking to acquire large tracts of land for the purpose of exploiting the rubber and other vegetable products which they contain. There are at present in Venezuela several European commissions composed of scientific men, which are engaged in making studies of a very serious nature. Venezuela has well defined pastureland, agricultural, forest and mineral zones. It is abundantly watered by many great and navigable rivers, and it has a number of excellent ports on the Caribbean Sea.

The people of Venezuela have many noteworthy qualities. The peon class has long been famed for its honesty. The propensity for petty thieving which exists among the natives of many tropical countries is happily not found among the working class of Venezuelans, as a rule. Crimes of robbery and burglary are rarely committed, and when they do occur it will be found, in ninety-five per cent of the cases, that the culprit is a foreigner.

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"SAY, BOSS, AH WASN'T THAR—AH ONLY HEARED 'BOUT IT FROM MEN WHAT WAS"



HOW THE WORM TURNED

By FREDERIC REMINGTON

Illustrated by the Author



I SAT UNDER a tropical tree, the name of which I cannot tell. Its leaves were thick, and shunted some of the rain. I was hungry, and compelled to use great forbearance toward my emaciated tobacco-bag. I derived satisfaction by glancing through the wooded glades at some hundreds of soldiers, who were just as miserable as I was—not much satisfaction, but some.

As I sat there, a horse attendant of the General's came and stood in front of me. He was a big yellow infantryman, detailed at headquarters. I knew the man—he was an acquaintance of three days' standing, and occupied at night a mud-puddle adjoining my wallow. He had rendered me several little services for which I was grateful.

"Ah do deslar," he said, as he gazed at his dripping clothes; "Ahm so dirty and wet that Ahm afraid some of these yar tropical plants will take root on me and begin to grow."

"A man of your color ought not to mind this hot country. It seems to me as though no one else could live here. For myself, I belong in the snow."

"No, sah," he protested. "Ah don't belong heah. Ma father was a Mexi-kin white man and ma mother was colored. Ah was born in Texas and raised in New Mexico and Arizona."

My vis-a-vis sat down in the damp, and after a while spoke: "Say, Cap'en—you think thar's goin' to be a fight right soon?"

"Don't know. Why? Do you like fighting?"

"Wall—no. Can't say Ah do—can't say Ah do exactly. S'pose we've got to fight, or smother in mud, and Ah don't see much choice."

"You have been in fights, doubtless, during your long career as a soldier?" I ventured.

"Yex—deed Ah have. Ah've fought white men and Mexi-kins and Injuns—and niggers, and Cubecans—ovah to Tampa, and now we are a-goin' to get a hack at them Span-yards—on the hill yonder."

"Well, well!" I chuckled, "you seem very impartial in your selection of opponents. Uncle Sam has not been at war with niggers, as you call them. How did that happen?"

"Oh—we uns use to fight each otha round the barracks—fight 'bout the way the pasteboards was comin'—fight 'bout the gals or any ole thing what come up. See that well?" said my mettlesome visitor, as he rolled up the sleeve of his army shirt, displaying a long white weal on his tawny arm.

"Nigger done that."

"Oh, I suppose you were one of those who helped to disgrace the negro regiments, in the riotous disturbances at Yabor City when the Fifth Corps was in camp at Tampa. You men ought to be ashamed of that."

"Tell yu honest 'bout that, Cap'en: that wasn't us that done that—that was Yabor City whiskey. When these niggers gets thar hides full of that pine-top, they don't know no mo' than some white men Ah knows 'bout. Niggers is jus' as God made 'em, an' he didn't make 'em full of jig-juice. He left that fo' the white men to do. Con'se Ah don't say that was right, that fightin' of the Cubecans—at Yabor, but yu want till these niggers put in their time on them Span-yards—ovah yondah, and yu'll say niggers is all right."

"You say you have fought white men. You are not old

enough to have been in the Civil War; so how could that have been?"

"This wa'n't no civil war—this was out in Texas, whar Ah fo't white men. Say, Cap'en, be yu a Texas bown—Ah reckon not?"

Knowing that Texans were not in need of my sympathies, I protested my thoroughly judicial frame of mind concerning them.

"Well—Ah don't tell 'bout fightin' white men much. White men don't seem to want to heah 'bout it. Come to think 'bout it, Ah didn't fight that time. Ah only heard 'bout it. Yu see, Cap'en, thar's all kinds of white men. Some of them is good to people of ma color, and agin, some of 'em is pizen, and the pizenest kind of white men used to live out on the plains of Texas. Them punchers and buffalo hunters and whiskey men didn't think no mo' of shootin' a po' nigger man than yu would of fightin' a cigarette. Ah have had one of them men set to shootin' at me soon as Ah come into town, and keep it up till Ah could get out of range, and my horse jus' a burnin' the grass too. He didn't hit me 'cause he was tanked up, Ah s'pose. In them days, Ah was a-servin' in the cavalry. Say, Boss—yu needn't tell my Cap'en that—Ah don't let on Ah eveh served in the cavalry."

Being reassured, he continued: "Well—Ah didn't fight, Boss—Ah only heard 'bout it. Ah reckon we'll both forget this Texas fight befo' day aftah to-morrow, when we gets tangled up with them Span-yards. Say, Boss—when all these yah cannons and balloons and that squirt-gun down to the Rough Riders gets to goin' and everybody is done pumpin' his Kraig—Say! that Texas fight won't cut no mo' ice than a sheep-tick in a buffalo herd."

"Go on with your Texas fight."

"Well—Ah was a-servin' in the cavalry, way back yondah at Fort Concho in Tom Green County, Texas, and them Texicans use to shoot at us nigger soldiers on sight. They use to run us out of town whenever we uns would go in to get a drink."

"Good thing," I interpolated, laughing, "keep you away from bad places."

"No, sah—Boss, yu don't think every man with a thirst ought to be shot, do yu? Reckon we'd both be shot right now. We soldiers was a-gettin' hot 'bout it, but the officers wouldn't stand fo' us goin' to town nohow. One day Peter Jackson was orderly to the Cap'en, and he was sent into town with a note to carry. He was a-ridin' into town, 'ordin' to orders, when a bad white man come out of Bill Powell's saloon, and drawin' his gun, he done shoot Peter off his horse. He hit him here"—pointing to his own thigh—"and Peter lay in the middle of the road, a-mo'nin'."

"His horse come back to the post a-runnin', with blood on the saddle. The guard went down and got Peter, and brung him back to camp, where he died that night. The officers tried to get the Law on some one, but the peace officers was all in cahoots with the Powell gang, and ther was nothin' doin'. We soldiers was mad 'nough to eat railroad iron. What du yu think 'bout that—shootin' a poor soldier, what was only 'beyin' orders, jus fer fun?"

"Outrageous—perfectly outrageous."

"Well, that was what Sergeant Gadsby of F Troop said—'Perfectly outrageous,' said he. We held a meetin' in the quarters, and the Sergeant he made a speech, and the soldiers was wild. He ended up by sayin', 'If we was men, to come on.' We was all ready to 'come on,' so Gadsby took twenty-one of us—Ah didn't go—with two six shooters apiece, and after dark we run the guard. He told us he was a goin' down to clean out Bill Powell's saloon or die. He told us jus what we was to do. Say, Boss, Ah wasn't thar—Ah only heard 'bout it from men what was. Ah get to thinkin' Ah was thar sometimes, but, honest, Ah wasn't. The men walked the three miles to Powell's in the dark, and when we got there, Sergeant Gadsby opened the do', and the twenty-one soldiers walked right in—single file—and faced the bar. The room was full of men—must have been thirty-five or forty Texicans in the room. They was night'y surprised to see us—the soldiers, Ah mean. The Sergeant was the last man to come in, and he locked the do' and put the key in his pocket. We uns was all facin' the bar: 'What will yu have, gen'l'mens?' says Gadsby. 'Whiskey,' says we. Say, Boss—yu could hear your heart beat in that room, while we was a-pourin' our drinks."

"Every man bein' fixed, 'How,' says Gadsby, and we drunk."

"As we put the glasses down, Gadsby says—'Bout face—give 'em hell!' and every nigger turned his guns loose. Ah don't know jus' how it all was. Yu couldn't heah your own gun go off, and yu couldn't see nothin'. Pretty soon, Ah got to the do' by slidin' 'long the bar, and thar was Sergeant Gadsby, who had it open. By this time they was only a shot now and then in the room back of the smoke, but the gro'nin' and cussin' on the flo' was awful. One white man come a crawlin' tro' the smoke toward the do', and the Sergeant shot him as he lay. When we done got outside, we reloaded and waited, but only seven colored soldiers come out of Bill Powell's saloon, and some of them was bleedin'. Then we went back to the post."

"We didn't know what to do, and we lay all night a talkin'. We knew the Law would be on us. We knew the Texicans had the Law all right, so after 'stables,' we got on our horses with our arms, and we got whar ther' wa'n't no Law," concluded the narrator.

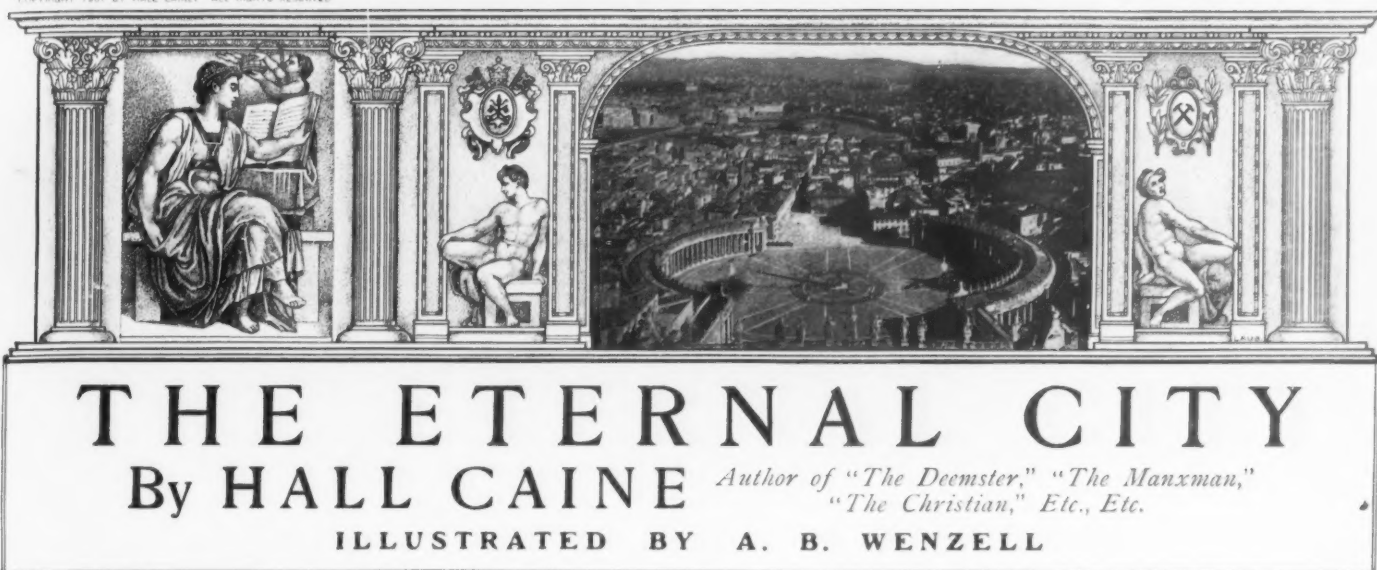
"How many white men were killed in the fight?" I asked.

"Ah don't jus' know, Boss; but Ah heared they swept up thirty-five Texicans next mornin', besides de col'ed sojers."

"Why—yu didn't run away with Gadsby, did you? You say you were not in the fight."

"No, sah—Ah didn't fight, but Ah quit the cavalry so soon after that Ah didn't heah jus' how that was. Ha—yu talk 'bout Yabor City—that wasn't no red licker in that Powell fight. That was a dead squar' shake. Say, Cap'en, Ah've often wondered how many holes thar was in Powell's saloon next mornin'," laughed the horse-tender, as he got up to go over to his charges.

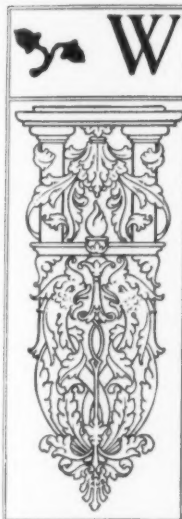
As he had said, "When the cannons and balloons got to goin'," I forgot all about that Texas fight for a time, but it ought not to be forgotten. When the great epic of the West is written, this is one of the wild notes that must sound in it.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volanna, an exiled Italian living in London, adopts a boy compatriot, whom twenty years later we see in Rome as David Rossi, the noted anarchist leader. Roma, the Prince's daughter, resides there also, and scandal connects her name with that of Baron Bonanno, Prime Minister of Italy. David offends Roma, and at her instigation an attempt is made to compromise him. His integrity and honest admiration for her, cause her to relent and lose her heart to him. She also tries to dissuade Bonanno from continuing the intrigue. Meanwhile Rossi's party become so dissatisfied with their leader's attitude, in refusing to countenance violence, that a dispute on the subject results in David fighting a duel with one of them, whose life he generously spares when it is at his mercy. He then confesses his love to Roma, adding that abnegation must be his lot, since his life and liberty are in constant peril. At a meeting of Parliament, at which Roma is present, unfair means are used to silence the anarchist party, a riot ensues, and Rossi steps in between Bonanno and two members who have drawn revolvers.

IX—(Continued)



WHEN DAVID ROSSI stepped into the open space on the floor between the bench of the Ministers and the first row of stalls, and covered the Baron with his larger figure, his own people knew perfectly what he was doing. Of all the courses they had counted on this was the last—that he should prevent the execution of their threat to kill the Prime Minister by making it necessary that in order to do so they must at first kill him.

In their bewilderment at sight of this act their voices failed them in an instant, and there was a moment of breathless silence. But the larger party on the Right misunderstood both Rossi's act and its effect on his followers, and seeing a man standing with his back immediately before a Minister who was on his feet, waiting to speak, they leaped to the conclusion that a low-bred insult was intended, and with one accord they arose and shouted at the offender.

The Left recovered from their surprise at seeing this error, and replied to their adversaries with howls of indignant derision. The scene that followed was only one stage removed from bedlam.

"Gutter snipe! Jail bird! Scum of the workhouse!" cried the Right.

"Fools!" cried the Left.

Meantime David Rossi continued to stand before the Baron, with his face toward his own people, and one by one they turned away from him and trooped out of the House.

"Long live the Republic!" they shouted as they went.

"Long live the King!" replied their adversaries.

When the seats on the Left were entirely empty the clamor on the Right subsided and the bell of the President began to be heard. Then, as David Rossi was about to follow his people, the Baron touched him on the shoulder and said, with a flushed face, in a bitter whisper:

"Honorable, when you wish to insult me again be good enough to choose some other method than standing between me and my Parliament."

But in the corridor one of the ushers was hurrying along with a glass of water and a bottle of brandy.

"What's amiss?" asked some one.

"A lady is ill," the usher answered. "She has been carried up to the Presidential drawing-room."

"Who is it?"

"Donna Roma."

The man who had just now stood to be shot at turned white as a sheet and trembled violently. He ran upstairs in front of the usher, three steps at a time.

Before a door of a room at the head of the great staircase a group of servants were huddled together. Rossi would have dashed through but they stopped him.

"Sorry, Honorable," said the doorkeeper. "I have orders to admit nobody."

At that instant the Prime Minister came up with a quick step, whereupon the doorkeeper fell aside, and the Baron passed into the room.

Rossi felt an impulse to push the ushers away, but his face, strung like a bow a moment ago, was now relaxed and

powerless. He would have given all the world to do the least thing for Roma at that moment, the very least little thing, but he was kept out and could do nothing.

With a scared look he was glancing through the open door and heard voices from an inner chamber when his colleague, the doctor, came out of the room.

"What is it, in Heaven's name?" he asked in a husky whisper. "Is she ill? Is she better?"

"Oh, yes."

"Thank God! Oh, thank God!" he said, choking with emotion and laying hold of his colleague's arm.

The doctor looked at him and smiled.

"Why, it was nothing," he said. "A fainting fit, that's all. The heat and the noise and—"

"Are you sure it's nothing worse? Hadn't you better go back and stay with her a little longer?"

"Tut! I didn't think, old fellow, that you could be frightened at—"

"Yes, yes, but a woman, you know—one can't bear that a woman—"

The big, bluff doctor grew red about the eyes and his voice thickened with unworded feeling.

"By God, David Rossi, you're a man! I saw what you did five minutes ago, and now—stay here, she'll be out presently. God bless you, old chap!"

Then David Rossi heard the rustle of a woman's dress, and the voice of somebody speaking, soothingly, lovingly, almost familiarly. But he turned away from the door, and a perfume that he knew followed him as he passed up the stairs.

From the library on the third floor he looked down to the Piazza. Roma's carriage was waiting by the portico, and presently Roma herself got into it, half supported by the Baron, who was bareheaded and smiling. She was pale, very pale, but she smiled back at him as she sank into her seat.

David Rossi would have given his soul for that smile.

The House adjourned after the first reading of the Public Safety Bill, and nearly half the members rushed off instantly to stake in the public lottery the figures which were named in it.

David Rossi went home with a tortured mind.

"What have I done?" he thought. "I hate that man, I want him dead, and yet I have saved his life! And what is the result? I have thrown Roma back into his hands. That is all it comes to, and I have lied against my own heart!"

Half an hour after he reached Piazza Navona a letter came by a flying messenger on a bicycle. It was written in pencil and in large, straggling characters.

"DEAR MR. ROSSI—Your letter has arrived and been read, and, yes, it has been destroyed, too, according to your wish, although the flames that burned it burned my hand also, and scorched my heart as well.

"No doubt you have done wisely. You know better than I do what is best for both of us, and I yield, I submit. Only—and—therefore—I must see you immediately. There is a matter of some consequence on which I wish to speak. It has nothing to do with the subject of your letter—nothing directly, at all events—nor yet is it in any way related to the Minghetti mischief-making. So you may receive it without fear. And you will find me with a heart at ease.

"Didn't I tell you that if you wouldn't come to me I must go to you? Expect me this evening, about Ave Maria, and arrange it that I may see you alone.—ROMA V.

"P.S.—I saw and I understood what you did in the Camera to-day, but I suppose that for your people's sake I must neither speak nor think of it."

X

AS AVE MARIA approached, David Rossi became still more agitated. The sky had darkened, but there was no wind; the air was empty, and he listened with strained attention for every sound from the staircase and the street. At length he heard a cab stop at the door, and a moment afterward a light hurrying footstep in the outer room seemed to beat upon his heart.

The door opened, and Roma came in quickly without speaking and making a scarcely audible salutation. He saw her with her golden complexion and her large violet eyes, wearing a large black hat and an astrakhan coat, but his head was going round and his pulses were beating violently, and he could not control his eyes.

"I have come for a minute only," she said. "You received my letter?"

Rossi bent his head.

"David, I want the fulfillment of your promise."

"What promise?"

"The promise to come to me when I stand in need of you. I need you now. My work is finished, and to-morrow after-

noon I am to have a reception to exhibit it. Everybody will be there, and I want you to be present also."

"Is that necessary?" he asked.

"For my purposes, yes. Don't ask me why. Don't question me at all. Only trust me and come."

She was speaking in a firm and rapid voice, and looking up he saw that her brows were contracted, her lips were set, her cheeks were slightly flushed, and her eyes were shining. He had never seen her like that before. "What is the secret of it?" he asked himself, but he only answered, after a brief pause:

"Very well, I will be there."

"That's all. I might have written, but I was afraid you might object, and I wished to make quite certain. Adieu!"

He had only bowed to her as she entered, and now she was going away without offering her hand.

"Roma," he said, in a voice that sounded choked.

She stopped but did not speak, and he felt himself growing hot all over.

"I'm relieved—so much relieved—to hear that you agree with what I said in my letter."

"The one in which you wish me to forget you?"

"It is better so—far better. I am one of those who think that if either party to a marriage—he was talking in a constrained way—"entertains beforehand any rational doubt about it, they are wiser to withdraw even at the last moment, at the church door, rather than set out on a life-long voyage under doubtful auspices."

"Ah, well!" she said, taking a long breath and turning a little away.

"But don't think I will not suffer in parting from you, Roma. Thy will be done. There are moments in life when it isn't easy to say that. At least I can pray that you will be happy—and perhaps in eternity."

"Didn't we promise not to speak of this?" she said impatiently. Then their eyes met for a moment, and he knew that he was false to himself and that his talk of renunciation and resignation was a hollow mischief.

"Roma," he said again, "if you want me in the future you must write."

Her face clouded over.

"For your own sake, you know—"

"Oh, that! That's nothing at all—nothing now."

"But people are insulting me about you and—"

"Well—and you?"

The color rushed to his cheeks and he smote the back of a chair with his clinched fist.

"I tell them—"

"I understand," she said, and her eyes began to shine again. But she only turned away, saying: "I'm sorry you are angry that I came."

"Angry!" he cried, and at the sound of his voice as he said the word their love for each other went thrilling through, and through them.

The rain had begun to fall, and it was beating with smart strokes on the window-panes.

"You can't go now," he said, "and since you are never to come here again there's something you ought to hear."

She took a seat immediately, unfastened her coat, and slipped it back on to her shoulders.

The thick-falling drops were drenching the piazza, and its pavement was bubbling like a lake.

"The rain will last for some time," said Rossi, looking out, "and the matter I speak of is one of some urgency, therefore it is better that you should hear it now."

Taking the pins out of her hat, Roma lifted it off and laid it in her lap, and began to pull off her gloves. The noble young head with its glossy hair and lovely face shone out with a new beauty.

Rossi hardly dared to look at her. He was afraid that if he allowed himself to do so he would fling himself at her feet.

"How calm she is," he thought. "What is the meaning of it?"

He went to the bureau by the wall and took out a small round packet.

"Do you remember your father's voice?" he asked.

"That is all I do remember about my father. Why?"

"It is here in this cylinder."

She rose quickly and then slowly sat down again.

"Tell me," she said.

"When your father was deported to the island of Elba he was a prisoner at large, without personal restraint but under police supervision. The legal term of Donatello Cotto is from one year to five, but excuses were found and his banishment was made perpetual. He saw prisoners come and go, and in the sealed chamber of his tomb he heard echoes of the world outside."

"Did he ever hear of me?"

"Yes, and of myself as well. A prisoner brought him news of one, David Rossi, and under that name and the





DRAWN BY ALBERT STERNER

“GOOD-NIGHT!”

SEE PAGE 17

opinions attached to it, he recognized David Leone, the boy he had brought up and educated. He wished to send me a message.

"Was it about me?"
"Yes. The letters of prisoners were read and copied, and to smuggle out by hand a written document was difficult or impossible. But at length a way was discovered. Some one sent a photograph and a box of cylinders to one of the prisoners, and the little colony of exiled ones used to meet at your father's house to hear the music. Among the cylinders were certain blank ones. Your father spoke on to one of them, and when the time came for the owner of the photograph to leave Elba, he brought the cylinder back with him. This is the cylinder your father spoke on to."

With an involuntary shudder she took out of his hands a circular cardboard box, marked in print on the outside: "Selections from Faust," and in pencil on the inside of the lid, "For the hands of D. L. only—to be destroyed if Deputy David Rossi does not know where to find him."

The heavy rain had darkened the room, but by the red light of a dying fire he could see that her face had turned white.

"And this contains my father's voice," she said.

"His last message."

"He is dead—two years dead—and yet . . ."

"Can you hear to hear it?"

"Go on," she said, hardly audibly.

He took back the cylinder, put it on the phonograph, wound up the instrument and touched the lever. Through the strokes of the rain, lashing the window like a hundred whips, the whizzing noise of the machine began.

He was standing by her side, and he felt her hand on his arm.

Then through the sound of the rain and of the phonograph there came a clear, full voice:

"David Leone—your old friend Dr. Roselli sends you his dying message . . ."

The hand on Rossi's arm clutched it convulsively, and, in a choking whisper, Roma said: "Wait! Give me one moment." She was looking around the darkening room as if almost expecting a ghostly presence to appear.

She bowed her head. Her breath was quick and fast.

"I am better now. Go on," she said.

The whirling noise began again, and after a moment the clear voice came as before:

"My son, the promise I made when we parted in London I faithfully fulfilled, but the letter I wrote you never came to your hands. It was meant to tell you who I was, and why I changed my name. That is too long a story now, and I must be brief and simple. I am Prospero Volonna. My father was the last prince of that name. Except the authorities and their spies and servants, nobody in Italy knows me as Roselli and nobody in England as Volonna—nobody but one, my poor dear child, my daughter Roma."

The hand tightened on Rossi's arm, and his head began to swim.

"Little by little, in this grave of a living man, I have heard what has happened since I was banished from the world. The treacherous letter which called me back to Italy, and deceived me into the hands of the police, was the work of the man who now holds my estates as the payment for his treachery."

"The Baron?"

Rossi had stopped the phonograph.

"Can you hear it?" he said.

The pale young face flushed with resolution.

"Go on," she said.

When the voice from the phonograph began again it was more tremulous and husky than before.

"After he had betrayed the father, what impulse of fear or humanity prompted him to take charge of the child, God alone, who reads all hearts, can say. He went to England to look for her, found her in the streets to which she had been abandoned by the faithlessness of the guardians to whom I left her, and cut them off by bringing them to the perjury of burying the unknown dead body of an unfortunate being in the name of my beloved child."

The hand on Rossi's arm trembled feebly, and slipped down to his own hand. It was cold as ice. The voice from the phonograph was growing faint.

"She is now in Rome, living in the name that was mine in Italy, amid an atmosphere of danger and perhaps of shame. My son, save her from it. The man who betrayed the father may betray the daughter also. Take her from him. Rescue her. It is my dying prayer."

The hand on Rossi's hand was holding it tightly, and his blood was throbbing at his heart in stabs.

"David," the voice from the phonograph was failing rapidly, "when this shall come to your hands the darkness of the grave will be over me. . . . In my great distress of mind I torture myself with many terrors. . . . Do not trifle with my request. . . . But whatever you decide to do . . . be gentle with the child. . . . I dream of her every night, and send my heart's heart to her on the swelling tides of love. . . . Adieu, my son. The end is near. God be with you in all you do that I did ill or left undone. And if death's great asundering does not annihilate the memory of those who remain on earth be sure you have a helper and an advocate in heaven."

The voice ceased, the whirling of the instrument came to an end, and an invisible spirit seemed to fade into the air. The pattering of the rain had stopped, and there was the crackle of cab-wheels on the pavement below. Roma had dropped Rossi's hand, and was leaning forward on her knees with both hands over her face. After a moment, she wiped her eyes with her handkerchief and began to put on her hat. Then she got up.

"How long is it since you received this message?" she said.

"Since the night you came here first."

"And when I asked you to come to my house on that . . ."

"that useless errand, you were thinking of . . . of my father's request as well?"

"Yes."

"You have known all this about the Baron for a month, yet you have said nothing. Why have you said nothing?"

"Because at first you wouldn't have believed me whatever I had said against him."

"But afterward?"

"Afterward I had another reason."

"Did it concern me?"

"Yes."

"And now?"

"Now that I have to part from you I am compelled to tell you what he is."

"But if you had known that all this time he has been trying to use somebody against you . . ."

"That would have made no difference."

She lifted her head, and a look of fire, almost of fierceness, came into her face, but she only said, with a little hysterical cry, as if her throat were swelling:

"Come to me to-morrow, David! Be sure you come! If you don't come I shall never, never forgive you! But you will come! You will! You will!"

And then, as if afraid of breaking out into sobs, she turned quickly and hurried away.

"She can never fall into that man's hands now," he thought. And then he lighted his lamp and sat down to his work, but the light was gone, and the darkness had fallen on him.

XI

NEXT morning, David Rossi was not yet risen when some one knocked at his door. It was Bruno. The great fellow looked nervous and troubled, and he spoke in a husky whisper.

"You're not going to Donna Roma's to-day, sir?"

"Why not, Bruno?"

"Have you seen her bust of yourself?"

"Hardly at all."

"Just so. My case, too. She has taken care of that—locking it up every night, and getting another casket to cast it. But I saw it the first morning after she began, and I know what it is."

"What is it, Bruno?"

"You'll be angry again, sir."

"What is it?"

"Judas—that's what it is, sir; the study for Judas in the fountain for the Municipality."

"Is that all?"

"All? . . . But it's a caricature, a spiteful caricature!"

And you sat four days and never even looked at it! I tell you it's disgusting, sir. Simply disgusting. It's been done on purpose, too. When I think of it I forget all you said, and I hate the woman as much as ever. And now she is to have a reception, and you are to go to it, just to help her to have her laugh. Don't go, sir! Take the advice of a fool, and don't go!"

"Bruno," said Rossi, lying with his head on his arm, "understand me once for all. Donna Roma may have used my head as a study for Judas—I cannot deny that since you say it is so—but if she had used it as a study for Satan, I would believe in her the same as ever."

"You would?"

"Yes, by God! So now, like a good fellow, go away and leave her alone."

The streets were more than usually full of people when Rossi set out for the reception. Thick groups were standing about the hoardings, reading a yellow placard, which was still wet with the paste of the bull-sticker. It was a Proclamation, signed by the Minister of the Interior, and it ran:

"ROMANS—It having come to the knowledge of the Government that a set of misguided men, the enemies of the throne and of religion, known to be in league with the republican, atheist, and anarchist associations of foreign countries, are inciting the people to resist the just laws made by their duly elected Parliament, and sanctioned by their King, thus trying to lead them into outbreaks that would be unworthy of a cultivated and generous race, and would disgrace us in the view of other nations—the Government hereby gives notice that, feeling public order to be compromised, they will not allow civilization and the laws to be insulted with impunity, and therefore they warn the public against the holding of all such mass meetings in public buildings, squares, and streets, as may lead to the possibility of serious disturbances."

The little Piazza of Trinità dei Monti was full of carriages, and Roma's rooms were thronged. David Rossi entered with the calmness of a man who is accustomed to personal observation, but Roma met him with an almost extravagant salutation.

"Ah! you have come at last," she said in a voice that was intended to be heard by all. And then, in a low tone, she added, "Stay near me and don't go until I say you may."

Her face had the expression that had puzzled him the day before, but with the flushed cheeks, the firm mouth and the shining eyes there was now a strange look of excitement, almost of hysteria.

The company was divided into four main groups. The first of them consisted of Roma's aunt, powdered and perfumed, propped up with cushions on an invalid's chair, and receiving the guests by the door, with the Baron Bonino, silent and dignified, but smiling his icy smile, by her side. A second group consisted of Don Camillo and some ladies of fashion, who stood by the window and made little half-smothered trills of laughter. The third group contained Lena and Olga, the journalists, with Madame Sella, the modiste; and the fourth group was made up of the English, and American Ambassadors, with Count Mario and some other diplomatists.

The conversation was at first interrupted by the little pauses that follow fresh arrivals, and by the exchange of salutations, and after it had settled down to the dull buzz of a beehive when the young brood is about to swarm, it consisted merely of hints, and gave the impression of something in the air that could not be talked of openly.

"Have you heard that . . . ?" "Is it true that . . . ?"

"No?" "Can it be possible?" "How delicious!" and then inaudible questions and low replies, with tittering, tapping of fans, and insinuating glances.



THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY DELIVERING HIS SENSATIONAL ADDRESS TO THE ALEXANDER REGIMENT IN BERLIN.—"If in future it happens again that Berlin's people are bold enough to revolt against their King, as they did in 1848, then, soldiers, it will be your duty to protect your King by cutting down the rebels."

"GOOD-NIGHT!" A SONNET

A kiss, sweet child! thy mother fond must render
Her tribute to Society, to-night.
See! she is plumed and ready for the flight,
All Fashion's ministers of grace attend her,
And—somewhere—waits a scene of mirth and splendor.
But, ah! my dearie, she would more delight
In dreams of drowsyhead to share thy sight,
To hear thy angels' confidences tender.

Good-night! and presently the scene is shifted,
Where music rings, the voice of life above.
One, in that masque of revelry, is lifted
Far o'er the rest, to happy heights of love:
Through fleeting hours the mother radiant smiled—
Her heart in dreams was with her little child.

—Henry Tyrrell.

But Roma seemed to hear everything that was said about her, and constantly broke in upon a whispered conversation with startling and disconcerting openness.

"That man here!" said one of the journalists at Rossi's entrance. "In the same room with the Prime Minister!" said another. "After that disgraceful scene in the House, too!"

"I hear that he was abominably rude to the Baron yesterday," said Madame Sella.

"Rude? He has blundered shockingly, and offended everybody. They tell me the Vatican is now up in arms against him, and is going to denounce him and all his ways."

"No wonder! He has made himself thoroughly disagreeable, and I'm only surprised that the Prime Minister . . ."

"Oh, leave the Prime Minister alone. He has something up his sleeve. . . Haven't you heard why we are invited here to-day? No? Not heard that . . ."

"Really? So that explains. . . I see, I see!" and then more titling and tapping of fans.

"Certainly, he is an extraordinary man, and one of the first statesmen in Europe."

"It's so unselfish of you to say that," said Roma, flashing round suddenly, "for the Minister has never been a friend of journalists, and I've heard him say that there wasn't one of them who wouldn't sell his mother's honor if he thought he could make a sensation."

"Love?" said the voice of Don Camillo in the silence that followed Roma's remark. "What has marriage to do with love except to spoil it?" And then, amid laughter and the playful looks of the ladies by whom he was surrounded, he gave a gay picture of his own poverty, and of the necessity of marrying to retrieve his fortunes.

"What would you have? Look at my position! A great name, as ancient as history, and no income. A gorgeous palace, as old as the pyramids, and no cook!"

"Don't be so conceited about your poverty, Gee-Gee," said Roma. "Some of the Roman ladies are as poor as the men. As for me, Madame Sella could sell up every stick in my house to-morrow, and if the Municipality should throw up my foundation . . ."

"Senator Palomba," said Felice's sepulchral voice from the door.

The suave, oily little Mayor came in twinkling his eyes and saying:

"Did I hear my name as I entered?"

"I was saying," said Roma, "that if the Municipality should throw up my foundation . . ."

The little man made an amusing gesture, and the constrained silence was broken by some awkward laughter.

"Roma," said the testy voice of the Countess, "I think I've done my duty by you, and now the Baron will take me back. Nattalina! Where's Nattalina?"

But half a dozen hands took hold of the invalid's chair, and the Baron followed it into the bedroom.

"Wonderful man!" "Wonderful!" whispered various voices, as the Minister's smile disappeared through the door.

The conversation had begun to languish when the Princess Bellini arrived, and then suddenly it became lively and general.

"I'm late, but do you know, my dear," she said, kissing Roma on both cheeks, "I've been nearly torn to pieces in coming. My carriage had to plow its way through crowds of people."

"Crowds?"

"Yes, indeed, and the streets are nearly impassable. Another demonstration, I suppose! The poor must always be demonstrating."

"Ah! yes," said Don Camillo. "Haven't you heard the news, Roma?"

"I've been working all night and all day, and I have heard nothing," said Roma.

"Well, to prevent a recurrence of the disgraceful scene of yesterday, the King has promulgated the Public Security Act by Royal Decree, and the wonderful crisis is at an end."

"And now?"

"Now the Prime Minister is master of the field, and has begun by proclaiming the mass meeting which was to have been held in the Coliseum."

"Good thing, too," said Count Mario. "We've heard enough of liberal institutions lately."

"And of the scandalous speeches of professional agitators," said Madame Sella.

"And of the liberty of the press," said Senator Palomba. And then the effeminate old dandy, the fashionable dressmaker and the oily little Mayor exchanged significant nods.

"Wait! Only wait!" said Roma, in a low voice, to Rossi, who was standing in silence by her side.

"Unhappy Italy!" said the American Ambassador. "With the largest array of titled nobility and the largest army of beggars. The one class sipping iced drinks in the piazzas during the playing of music, and the other class marching the streets and conspiring against society."

"You judge us from a foreign standpoint, dear friend," said Don Camillo, "and forget our love of a pagant. The Princess says our poor are always demonstrating. We are all always demonstrating. Our favorite demonstration is a funeral, with drums beating and banners waving. If we cannot have a funeral we have a wedding, with flowers and favors and floods of tears. And when we cannot have either, we put up with a revolution, and let our radical orators tell us of the wickedness of taxing the people's bread."

"Always their bread," said the Princess, with a laugh.

"In America, dear General, you are so tragically sincere, but in Italy we are a race of actors. The King, the Parliament, the Pope himself . . ."

"Shocking!" said the little Princess. "But if you had said as much of our professional agitators . . ."

"Oh, they are the most accomplished and successful actors, Princess. But we are all actors in Italy, from the greatest to the least."

"So," began the American, "to be Prime Minister in Rome . . ."

"Is to be the leading actor in Europe, and his leading part is that in which he puts an end to his adversary amid a burst of inextinguishable laughter."

"What is he driving at?" said the English to the American Ambassador.

"Don't you know? Haven't you heard what is coming?" And then some further whispering.

"Wait, only wait!" said Roma.

"Gee-Gee," said the Princess, "how stupid you are! You're all wrong about Roma. Look at her now. To think that men can be so blind! And the Baron is no better than the rest of you. He's too proud to believe what I tell him, but he'll learn the truth some day. He is here, of course? In the Countess's room, isn't he? . . . How do you like my dress?"

"It's perfect."

"Really? The black and the blue make a charming effect, don't they? They are the Baron's favorite colors. How agitated our hostess is! She seems to have all the earth here. When are we to see the wonderful work? What's she waiting for? Ah, there's the Baron coming out at last!"

"They're all here, aren't they?" said Roma, looking round with flushed cheeks and flaming eyes at the jangling, slandering crew, who had insulted and degraded David Rossi.

"Take care," he answered. But she only threw up her head and laughed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

EDITED BY
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WOMEN IN TOURNAMENT PLAY

WHEN the National Golf Association announced its decision regarding the courses for the two great amateur tournaments, both men and women drew a breath of satisfaction for the selections were very happy, and well calculated to bring out high-class play. Last year Baltusrol was the scene of a women's tournament which was wholly representative, much more so, in fact, than the National Championship at Shinnecock. Whether a majority of our best golfers found the far end of Long Island difficult of access in the very heart of the summer season, or whether many were last year in Europe, certain it is that in October Baltusrol witnessed a greater gathering of the class, with few prominent names unrepresented.

BEAUTIES OF BALTUSROL

The Baltusrol course is a fine one. Possessing the picturesque advantage of both woodland and meadow, one revels in long sweeps of undulating turf, smooth and thick as velvet, or one can look up and up, through towering chestnuts and pines, stretching their strong arms toward the little white clouds floating so serenely in a sky of heavenly blue. Standing at the highest point—the tee of the pond hole—one sees a great panorama, a feast of color, stretching on for many miles; a delicate haze softens all too harsh outlines, and the smoke from the little red-roofed cottages hiding here and there among the trees floats lazily up and away. Directly at one's feet the trees bow to their own reflection in the placid waters of the little pond, and the birds bathe faintly, knowing no fear.

The governors of Baltusrol are making extensive alterations in both the course and the clubhouse. The old fourth and fifth holes become the new fourth, the present sixth becomes the fifth and the new sixth stretches back into the woods for quite a distance. Here accuracy will be indeed needed, for the course is very narrow and blunders sure to be expensive. Lastly, the seventh hole is to be lengthened backward to 570 yards. Remembering that the first hole is 467 yards, the old seventh 505 yards, the fifteenth 463 yards, and the sixteenth 517 yards, one can readily grasp just what kind of a long game will be required to make even a fair showing next autumn. The alterations in the clubhouse are to be extensive. A new dining-room and large lounge-room, locker-rooms, bedrooms, cafe, baths and kitchens will be added, and also a squash court. This will, of course, facilitate the handling of the tournament crowds; but one cannot help thinking, with almost regret, of the quaint little red farmhouse as it now stands, with its old-fashioned rooms opening into each other with a step up here and a step down there, its flowery wall-papers, low ceilings and open fireplaces. It was so truly rural, so real in its very inadequacy, so restful in its atmosphere, so suggestive of the gathering together of "just a few."

TRYING TECHNICALITIES

Technically, the course is somewhat trying to a woman. Almost all the first nine holes have bunkers requiring a carry of from 100 to 135 yards. This often penalizes a woman's best ball if she plays straight, so she is confronted with the choice of two evils—playing short, or playing around. Either alternative is bad, eventually, for her game. At first she retains a certain ease and freedom born of her recent great reward over her own links; but, once let her find the bunkers and realize their hypnotic qualities, and she is apt to stiffen her arms, stand badly and play for a pull or a slice. By the time she reaches the incoming nine holes she is apt to be off her drive, losing the beautiful opportunities for clock and brassie play. The greens are very quick and true to a degree, while they are either so placed or so guarded that the nicest judgment and skill are required to lay the ball dead. In spite of all these difficulties, however, women should welcome the selection of such a course. In practice this year they will have to develop their long game, for only by learning to overcome obstacles can any real progress in golf, as well as anything else, be made.

THE PROFESSIONAL CADDY

After a large tournament a great many interesting subjects of discussion usually arise. Questions of etiquette, sportsmanship, popularity, form, and a dozen other things occupy the attention of the golfing public. Nothing lately has been more discussed than the question of the professional caddy. In Scotland, the home of the game, and in England, it is fairly safe to say that few of the great matches are played without a professional. That would

seem enough in itself to put the seal of approval on the custom for all time; but Americans think for themselves, and anything, be it invention or sport, that they import from other countries they usually adopt and improve to suit their own peculiar temperament. So in regard to the professional caddy, we may cast aside tradition and think for ourselves. The question uppermost in our mind is this: Why should we allow in golf what we allow in almost no other game? In football, coaching is over when the two elevens line up against each other on the gridiron; in rowing, in nearly every other sport, no suggestions are allowed after the contest has begun; yet in golf anybody may reap the benefit of the mature judgment, unerring eye and entire guidance of a man who has made golf a life study. A player need have only the mechanical skill necessary to carry out what in some cases are the actual commands of the caddy, given stroke for stroke. Where is the self-reliance, the clear judgment, the decision and self-control that all true sport is bound to develop? It is nowhere, unless it is in the person of the woman who decides to stand or fall alone—and so goes out to play her match against two heads instead of one. Every one wishes to win, of course; but should we win, do we deserve to win when we have yielded up our identity, our independence, our whole selves to another? It seems as though the only match worth winning is the match in which we are content to rely entirely upon our own resources. True sportsmanship is bound to some day call for a match between contestants only—"A fair field and no favor."

If any person plays good golf it should be just as good without as with a professional caddy. In any event, women take defeat far too seriously. They look upon it in the light of a disgrace. It will take them a long time to arrive at the only true conclusion—that sport for sport's sake is, after all, the true heart of things, and winning only the outward and visible sign, the shell of a kernel well worth their best striving. If they can ever learn this great truth, many a promising player will take her first defeat in an open tournament as just so much valuable experience, the real kind that no one else can buy for her, and when she reads after her name "defeated by 3 up and 1 to play," she will not feel as though she had been guilty of a crime and must hang her unworthy head forever.

THE OFFICIAL SCORER

Another fruitful topic of discussion is the official scorer. There has always been provided some such kindly, sympathetic, truly self-sacrificing person for the qualifying round; but in the other matches, which are equally if not more important, each contestant usually keeps her own and her opponent's score. This is too great a responsibility. No one ever intentionally miscounts, so when a discussion does arise, it is apt to be bitter and sure to leave an unpleasant impression in the minds of both loser and winner. An accredited scorer obviates all such contingencies, and contestants can attend to their game with untrammelled minds.

GOLF ETIQUETTE

Still another subject that will bear consideration among women in tournament play is "Golf Etiquette." We try to be, as a rule, courteous to each other, and to take no unfair advantage. How delightful it would be if every one realized that the greatest courtesy one woman can extend to another in golf is to observe the golden rule of silence. While in a friendly contest it is absurd not to talk if one or the other feel so inclined, in an important match talking is unpardonable. It is almost impossible for the opponent of a "sociable" person to give undivided attention to her own game, as many a surprising failure will bear witness.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR WOMEN GOLFERS

The great advance that women have made in their game is due largely to the encouragement given them at some of the representative clubs. Morristown, Ardley, Shinnecock, and numerous other clubs offer women every inducement and temptation to develop their game. This is in itself half the battle; for when one appears on the links under protest, so to speak, the resulting state of mind is not favorable to progress. At Ardley this season a Woman's Golf Committee has been inaugurated. The members are to have entire charge of all home and team matches, subject, of course, to the final approval of the August Golf Committee itself. This is sure to create great interest and activity, as women understand each other's temperament and the kind of a match likely to create real interest and

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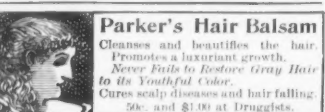
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promote the fairest results. There has been some talk of the Metropolitan Championship going to Ardsley, although at the present writing it is not known whether the club would care to undertake the task. Should it do so, it will probably ensure a large field, as accessibility is one of the great requirements in securing a truly representative gathering. The Metropolitan season should be a success. The inter-club matches are on a better working basis this year, the number of players having been reduced to four instead of six, as formerly, and Class A and B teams inaugurated. In this way it will be almost always possible to get a team together, and so avoid the loss or gain of matches by default. On the whole, the coming season looks very promising, and the championships of 1901 will be more than ever fair examples of the "survival of the fittest."

LILLIAN BROOKS.

MISS MARY'S ABSENCE

BY FRANK L. STANTON

THINGS ain't like dey use ter be,
Don't keer what dey say;
Birds dey done quit singin',
Sence Miss Mary gone away.

Folks say it's de weather,
Sunshine lef' de day;
Ain't no use ter tell me—
It's Miss Mary gone away.

Sunflower lookin' lonesome,
Lily long fer May,
Wind des keep a sighin':
"Miss Mary gone away."

Violet in de medders,
What make dem skies so gray?
You hear de violet answer:
"Miss Mary gone away."

A SOLVED PROBLEM

A BOARDING-HOUSE, however well kept, is hardly the most sunshiny spot a young working-woman or a struggling art student can select. Her means do not permit her to take one of the more inviting rooms. The large, well-appointed and luxuriously furnished chambers cost so much that she must pass them by, and content herself with a hall-room, up several flights, ill-warmed and ill-lighted and utterly unhomelike. She will be wise to forego this altogether and to turn her eyes to the spinster settlement, now becoming so popular.

SOME FUTURE CONVENIENCES

When electricity at some future day shall be furnished the householder at a price within the means of the average citizen, it is probable that we shall have home conveniences which are beyond our grasp at present. For example, when a dynamo may be set in any little cold corner, to warm that, even if we do not wish or need to diffuse heat over a large space, when, as easily as we now press a bulb, we may start machinery to heat a whole house, doing away with coal dust, with the danger of coal gas, and with the services of the furnace man, and the objectionable ash-barrel, housekeeping will be shorn of one difficult and disagreeable feature.

Sent Free and Prepaid.

To cure chronic indigestion and constipation perfectly and permanently. The Vernal Remedy Company of Buffalo, N. Y., will send a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palm Berry Wine FREE and PREPAID to any reader of Collier's Weekly. It is a specific for all kidney, bladder and prostate troubles, and one dose a day cures.—Adc.

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Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 335 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.—Adc.

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FOUND OUT.

A Trained Nurse Discovered Its Effect.

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee, a nurse of Wilkesbarre, Pa., writes: "I used to drink strong coffee myself, and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion. While on a visit to my brothers I had a good chance to try Postum Cereal Food Coffee, for they drank it altogether in place of ordinary coffee. In two weeks after using Postum I found I was much benefited, and finally my headaches disappeared and also the indigestion."

Naturally I have since used Postum among my patients, and have noticed a marked benefit where coffee has been left off and Postum used.

I observe a curious fact about Postum used among mothers. It greatly helps the flow of milk in cases where coffee is inclined to dry it up, and where tea causes nervousness.

I find trouble in getting servants to make Postum properly. They most always serve it before it has been boiled long enough. It should be boiled 15 or 20 minutes and served with cream, when it is certainly a delicious beverage." Mrs. Ella C. Burns, 309 E. South St., Wilkesbarre, Pa.

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Lend the
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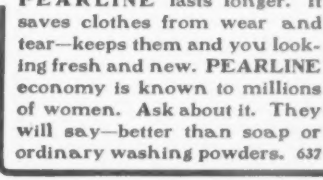
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"Here is given the story of 'Bill Skye's' dog as President Lincoln afterward told it in illustrating the rout of General Pope's army where the dog swallowed a piece of meat loaded with powder and a fuse, and, at the proper time, the explosion came. Then the dog story is given in this way):

"Joe H—, formerly of Calaveras County, Cal., is and always will be a 'sport.' He bets on every game, but has a particular penchant for 'dead things,' such as thimble-rig and French monte, and from some cause, always a mystery, he was generally 'dead broke.' Well, one day he was in a neck of woods where poker games were as thick as blackberries in the angles of an old Virginia fence, and those who played them as much sharper than himself as a cannie needle is sharper than the Big Tree stump. Joe borrowed an X and set his wits to work for a raise. Lounging on an old log that lay over a prospect hole—now eloquent with the croaking of a hundred frogs—he observed a small, trim-built, muscular little fellow doing some of the tallest kind of leaping. Joe gave chase. Over banks of rubbish, through bogs and down into the deep hole went his frogship, and down went Joe, up to his eyes in mud and water. Joe had an 'idea'—he had. The frog was quickly fished out, and away he went to the landlord, as jolly an old Boniface as ever drew a cork from a bottle of ale.

"'I'll bet an X,' said Joe, 'that this 'ere's a blood race-frog, an' kin jist outjump any other creakin' varmint in the nineteen States.'"

"'Take that bet,' said Boniface.

"'Come down with your spondulicks,' retorted Joe, and the cash was staked.

"The champions were soon brought to the scratch, and at the word away they went—and away went the landlord's X, losing by a foot and a half.

"Boniface was not satisfied. He offered to double the bet and jump in the morning.

"'Done,' said Joe, and down went two 20's. "That night tidings of the 'new game' spread throughout the neighboring gulches, and down the road as far as 'Sucker Creek' and 'Sardine Hill.' In they crowded, 'Sucker' and 'Sardine,' with the 'greenies' from Tadpole bar, and down went their 'dust' on the new game. Jack H—, who was an old turfman and never deceived in the 'pints an' muscle uv a boss,' bet his money on Joe's nag, and all 'Suckerdom' and all the 'Tadpole' boys went in on Jack's judgment. Old Boniface had his friends, who knew he was 'weighty' on a repeat.

"So next morning the frogs were brought to the score, surrounded by three hundred interested spectators. The word was given, and away they went—alas! for poor Joe and the 'Suckers' and the 'Tadpoles'—with a most disastrous result to them. The 'blooded frog' let down worse than 'Gray Eagle' in his renowned race with 'Wagoner.'

"'Hollo!' said one, 'he's sick; they've dragged him.'"

"'Lightnin' has struck the critter,' dryly remarked Boniface.

"'Throw off,' remarked another.

"'Old Weasleyle pushed through the crowd, and, picking up the discomfited racer and holding him above his head, squeezed out of his stomach about a pound of bird-shot which Boniface had fed him in the tight, mistaking them for flies.

"Forty high-pressure boats pulling against the current of the Mississippi, or a hundred howling wolves would be a dead silence to the roars and yells that followed Joe as his coat-tail disappeared behind the next hill."

"This was the first original story of 'The Jumping Frog of Calaveras' given to the readers of the Stockton 'Independent.' Poor Sam Seabough little dreamed, when he wrote the sketch, that some day his fertile effort would be read all over Europe and translated into a dozen languages.

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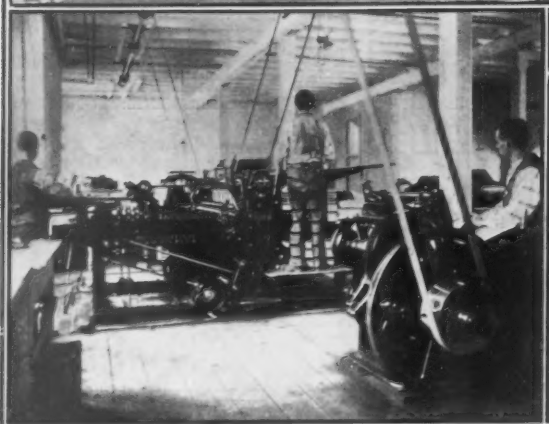
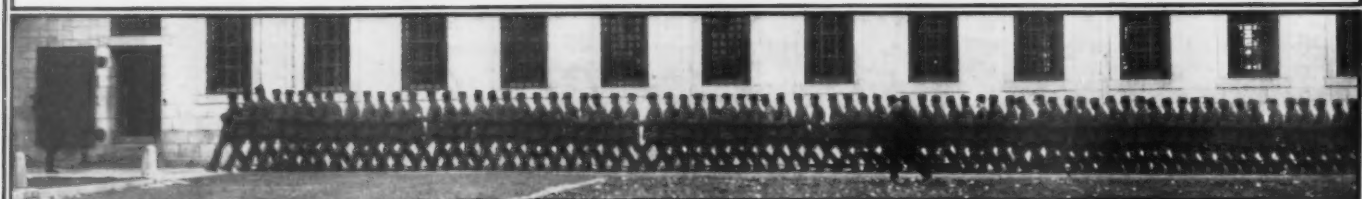
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GENERAL VIEW OF SING SING STATE PRISON ON THE HUDSON—LOOKING OUT UPON THE RIVER



"NO FACES" IN THE PRESSROOM



A NEW GUARD TOWER



"NO FACES" IN THE PRISON TAILOR SHOP

HOW A GREAT PRISON IS CONDUCTED

By GILSON WILLETS, Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly

NOT A VACANT CELL IN THE WHOLE STATE

NEW YORK STATE is divided into three prison districts—Sing Sing, Auburn, and Clinton. An attempt is made to keep "first-time" men, those who have never been in prison before, at Sing Sing; two-term men at Auburn; and men who have "done time" three or more times at Clinton. Convicts of all three grades, however, may be seen in each institution, and there is not a single cell "to let," to-day, in the whole State. In a large number of cells meant for one only, two are packed. To relieve the congestion the authorities are building a fourth prison at Napanock.

Sing Sing has 1,359 convicts, Auburn and Clinton about 1,000 each. Auburn has also the Woman's Prison, with about 100 inmates. Clinton is the smallest and best prison in the State, Sing Sing the largest and worst. And as Sing Sing has been condemned both as to site and buildings, and as the authorities are figuring on the problem of building it anew somewhere else, it is the most interesting. Champions of prison reform who may lust for further information, after reading this, must remember to address letters to Ossining—as the Hudson River town known for a century as Sing Sing has recently repudiated the prison by twisting the letters of its old name and adding an O.

Hon. Addison Johnson looked more like a magazine picture of a Kentucky colonel than the warden of a great prison. There was the black slouch hat, the frock-coat and the tall form. He sat at his carved oak desk, in his carved chair, in his carved room, all these the handiwork of State prisoners. Even the lines in the warden's face were carved by the inmates of yonder Cell Hall. His was the face of a man who possessed a heart, but who was obliged to keep it out of commission, excepting on family occasions.

"Here, Dan," he called, and a young man came in from the adjoining room. He was introduced as Mr. Hickey, the warden's secretary. "Say, Dan, get the P. K. to show 'em through. Let 'em photograph everything but faces."

Then the Boniface of Criminals' Hotel joined the lady outside.

RUNNING THE GANTLET OF OFFICIALS AT THE PORTALS

Secretary Hickey was a quarry of granite facts. We blasted out what we wanted, using interrogatives as dynamite, and found that: each convict is paid one and a half cents a day for his labor; it costs thirty-seven cents a day for the maintenance of each prisoner; each man is allowed four ounces of tobacco a week, but no cigars or cigarettes or anything else in the nature of a luxury; school is held for the illiterate every afternoon; a crook has never yet been able to escape identification by the Bertillon system; daily newspapers not allowed; no talking among prisoners is the rule, but it is seldom put into effect; "Sing Singers" have a

code of secret signals by which the news of a prize-fight, an election, or a horse-race is passed along; every day in a dark cell means a forfeit of many days of "short time," and of fifty cents of earnings for each day confined; the taxpayers of the State do not want to pay for new prison buildings, as any old quarters are good enough for enemies of society.

When we had unearthed these things, the still placid secretary summoned the P. K. "No faces," was all he said, as he turned us over to a very fat man.

Outside prison walls this fat man is known as James Connaughton. Inside the Iron Bar College, however, he is the Dean, the Principal Keeper.

He led the way into a room that resembled a suburban trolley-line waiting-room. It had empty benches on three sides, and it was infernally hot. "Boss says it's all right, detective," panted the stout P. K., his chest heaving massively after the walk from one room to another.

At a desk, paring his finger-nails, sat the man addressed as detective. "Guess you better register," he said, looking at Photographer Hare's kit sideways, out of one eye, and nodding toward a book twice the size of a Chemical Bank ledger. The man behind the volume was State Detective Jackson, and for twenty-eight years he has sat at that desk in that room, taking the autographs of visitors, presiding at meetings between prisoners and friends, and examining incoming packages. Last year alone, he "booked" 5,000 visitors, passed upon 4,000 packages, and lost not one word spoken in 2,000 interviews between prisoners and their callers. In this room, in Jackson's presence, a prisoner may see his friends once in two months.

With deference, such as is due from a man who has held office only twenty-five years to an incumbent of twenty-eight years' standing, the P. K. gave the countersign "No faces," and retired.

Then to us came a well-groomed man with "Sergeant of the Guard" in big gold letters on his cap. "Pass two—with three boxes, sergeant," said the detective, lapsing back to his finger-nails. "No faces," he added, sotto voce.

"Hey, Holla! Oh, Holla!" cried the sergeant. "Holla is the president of Ossining—he will pilot you."

WITHIN THE PLACE OF DURANCE VILE

Where the path of the transgressor is not strewn with lilies-of-the-valley, here we were at last! A whole village in a single building—such is the Hall of Cells. It has six tiers, 200 cells in each tier, 1,200 in all, with 1,359 occupants. This means that in 150 cells meant for one, two men must sleep and spend fourteen hours of their miserable day. Heaven knows that any one of these cells, only four feet wide, six long, six high, is too small for one! No wonder that when occupied by two, the prisoners, like unwilling partners chained together, accumulate a deadly hatred for each other.

Sunshine never penetrates the cell-hall. Outside was spring;

inside all was as damp as stone and darkness can be. Here one felt a chill, as of the tomb; and while the chill crept over the body, a kind of horror filled the brain, as in the Catacombs. Only here, the living rather than the dead occupied the niches.

The cell-hall is long and narrow, like a monastery dormitory, only instead of the cells being on each side with a court in the centre, there is a court on each side with the cells in the middle. The outer walls containing the windows, form merely the outer shell. The masonry in the middle, in which the cells, as it were, are hewn, are like so many cliff-dwellings, only a Pueblo cliff-dweller lived in commodious quarters as compared with the convict in Sing Sing.

For years the cells of Sing Sing Prison have been officially condemned as insufficient in dimensions. Insufficient, this means, for a single occupant. Ten years ago, when 1,500 prisoners were confined in the 1,200 cells, the authorities agreed that the prison must be enlarged. Yet in the whole decade that passed since then not so much as a stone has been cut for a new Cell Hall.

WHERE THE BREATH MUST COME IN GASPS

In an upper corner of each cell is an aperture about the size of a condensed milk can. If a worm entered this hole he could crawl upward and come out on the roof. This is alleged to be a ventilator. But the air that comes down into the cell through the hole is worse than the foul air which it is supposed to carry up. For seventy-five years these so-called ventilators have been sucking up air that has passed through the lungs of almost suffocated convicts. Naturally, then, the ventilators are coated with a substance of a poisonous nature.

Even with the doors open, fresh air cannot properly circulate through the cells. At night, with the iron doors all closed, fresh air enters only through a few square inch-holes forming the grating. Thus penned in, 1,300 men sleep as in so many ovens. In one hour after the prisoners are shut up for the night the air of the entire hall is foully contaminated. This is the kind of air the inmates must breathe until six o'clock in the morning. Is it extraordinary, then, that the scourge of this prison is tuberculosis and phthisis?

THE "TERRIBLE THING" ALWAYS IN PROSPECT

Not only the cells, but the entire hall, was years ago condemned as an unhealthy building. It was built in 1825, on a bad plan, and has in no way been improved since then. It is now an antiquated monument of worn-out ideas, loaded with the crusts of tens of years of use and the accumulation of more than 40,000 human occupants—a crust which, by reason of poor construction, is not completely removable.

When Warden Johnson succeeded Sage, two years ago, the cell walls had not been scraped for nearly seventy-five years. With coat upon coat of whitewash, through all the years, the walls had become so thickly incrustated as to add one more



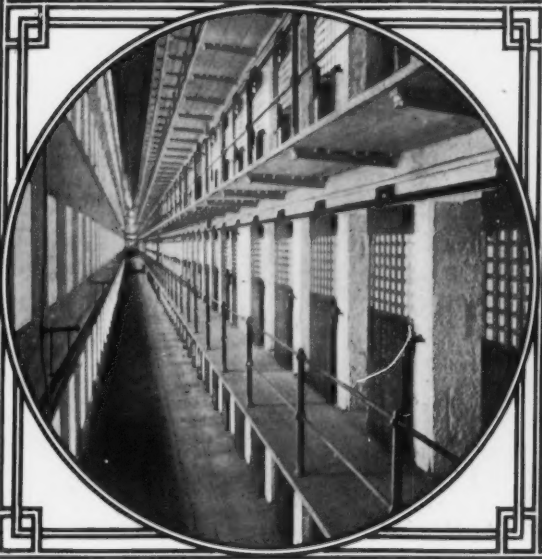
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THE CORRIDOR AND THE TIERS OF CELLS



HIS PRIVATE "APARTMENTS"



IN THE BRUSH-MAKING DEPARTMENT

menace to the health of the occupants. Here, at least, was one dangerous condition he could do away with. So he had the walls chipped and smoothly chiselled, after which they were cemented and whitewashed.

Moreover, the roof of the building is the original one built in 1824; it is of wood covered with tin, and is in no sense fireproof. What if there had been a westerly wind on the night last year when the administration building was destroyed by fire? Had the flames spread to the roof of the Cell House, a terrible thing would have followed. Considering the confusion that would ensue when confronted by the necessity of removing 1,300 convicts to a place of safety, what could the sixty-five keepers do? The fire appliances of the prison are wholly inadequate, and until a fireproof roof is put on the Cell House the possibility of that "terrible thing" will remain.

SCIENCE NEEDED "UP THE RIVER"

Another source of danger to the inmates—something that actually ensures another outbreak of disease similar to the recent epidemic of small-pox—is the water supply, or, rather, the lack of such supply. All the water used in the prison is bought. It is expensive, and yet it is water to which a farmer would not lead a horse to drink. If Sing Sing had had pure water, it is doubtful if small-pox would have gained headway as it did during the winter.

Again, Sing Sing needs not only new buildings, but a new site as well. The present location is so low, so near the river level, that satisfactory sewerage is out of the question. Hence, until the hygienic and sanitary conditions of this institution are greatly improved, it will remain the worst prison in the State.

THE CURSE OF NOTHING TO DO

Just now only forty cell-doors were closed, meaning that only forty cells were occupied. Here were the only idle prisoners in Sing Sing. Nearly all these were being punished for breaking some prison rule. One was singing, perhaps to postpone the madness he felt was threatening him. A keeper told him to "shut up." Enforced idleness is so dreaded by the convict that he will beg hard to be punished in some other way—any other way. The whipping-post, the club, the paddle, the sufferings which these inflict are trivial as compared with idleness. Not to know fatigue, to lie down to sleep while yet thoroughly rested, to live for days and nights in a world the limits of which can be reached by an outstretched arm—men who have been through this are among those sent to the State Insane Asylum. Seventy such lunatics were transferred from Sing Sing to Matteawan last year.

Because "thou shalt do no work," the convict dreads the coming of Sunday. Chaplain Sanderson preaches for the Protestants, while for the Catholics and Hebrews there are special services. Then on Sunday, too, the orchestra and the choir, each made up of prisoners, is given a chance—and Mrs. Ballington Booth, as the head of the Volunteer Prisoners' League, happens in and engages in heart-to-heart talks with the "poor fellows." Nevertheless, every man in Sing Sing would vote to abolish the Seventh-Day Commandment.

IN THE LAIR OF THE CONVICT

I stepped into scores of the vacant cells, thinking to find signs of the tastes or previous condition of the occupants. A photograph, a ribbon, a child's plaything—these might tell the story of a convict's hope, or of a "mill that will never

grind with water that is past." But eighteen out of every twenty cells gave no such sign. They contained not a thing in addition to bed and chair; and yet these bare cells belonged to long-term men.

"Lacking in imagination," I said to Holla.

"Not necessarily," he replied. "I have noticed that men whose former surroundings were artistic, or luxurious, give the least attention to fixing up their quarters here. Prisoners who once followed intellectual pursuits, the thinkers, those of the most imagination, want nothing in their cells to remind them of days that are dead."

In the few cells adorned by their occupants, the principal objects of art were pictures of little girls in their nightgowns saying "Now I lay me"; clocks, hand-made cabinets, and portraits of Mrs. Ballington Booth. Number 51,227 had a torn and faded American flag. Another had his walls entirely covered with newspaper pictures in frames made and carved by himself. In almost every cell, even in those I have said were bare, hung a calendar. On many of these the days were pencilled off, as if every night the inmate wrote, "One more day gone; one day nearer to freedom."

NOTHING TO STEAL BUT BRAINS

In the editorial sanctum of the "Star of Hope" sat the only man in the prison who is allowed an extensive correspondence with the outside world. This was the editor, Number 51,500. While his brothers in crime may write only once a month to friends, Number 51,500 may write daily as many letters as he chooses—so long as he confines his epistles to editorial matters. He himself founded the "Star of Hope" two years ago, and the paper now has a circulation of 4,500 in the three State prisons and among a few "outs." Every prisoner in New York State is constituted a reporter or contributor.

Asked what he was writing at the moment of our entrance, he handed me his yellow pad. "It grieves us to know that we have among us a few who have become envious of the merited recognition which the writings of loftier minds have received, and who, in their eagerness to shine with such, have betrayed their lack of manhood as well as brains by stooping to plagiarism. Once or twice, to our regret and embarrassment, such articles have escaped the waste-basket."

A PRISONER WITH A RAZOR

In came the "portable barber," bringing his chair and the tools of his trade. Every man in the prison must be shaved once a week. It was the editor's turn, and the next minute the barber, in for bigamy, was lathering the face of the editor, "doing time" for forgery. Every inmate must also have his hair cut once a month, excepting those who will be liberated within sixty days. "I was just writing a squib," remarked the editor, while the barber strapped his razor, "saying that mustaches in the State prisons are now in vogue, for we are on the threshold of the going home season." He referred to the fact that no prisoners are liberated in winter—or, rather, between the 1st of December and the 1st of April—a rule which judges keep in mind when pronouncing sentences.

LABOR UNIONS LOVE NOT CONVICTS

In the stone-breaking shed, two and three-term men were chipping granite blocks. This task was given to these particular men because it was hard work. There is no indi-

vidual favoritism in the matter of "jobs," but partiality is shown to the inmates collectively, according to their group. These in the one-time group get the "gruffs," as the easy jobs are called; the two-time group gets work which the walter who serves roast beef in a quick-lunch room would describe as "medium"; while three-time men have to bend their noses to work of a kind that makes the back ache.

You can at once tell the group to which a convict belongs by his stripes. If a single broad stripe, he is a "one-timer"; if two stripes, he is a "twice"; three stripes indicate a veteran, an incorrigible, who may have been in prison from three to fifteen times. Some of the men in the stoneyard wore two stripes, others three.

A burly keeper, as in all the other departments, was here watching his company. But besides the keeper, there was an instructor, one from the free world. While Hare set up his camera, we asked the instructor to step into focus. "Not on your life," said he promptly. "The Stonecutters' Union will see that picture—and then things will be up to me."

EAT, DRINK, AND BE MISERABLE

At 11.30 all the convicts stopped work, washed up, and formed in line to move in companies to the dining-hall. The two-time and three-time men walked in lock-step, but the one-timers were allowed to march in couples, with hands at their sides. So accustomed does the convict become to the lock-step that when he returns to a nobler and better life his gait still betrays his time-serving experience. Some months ago, therefore, the lock-step, for the first-timers at least, was abolished by law, in order to give crime's novices a chance.


So into the dining-hall at 12 o'clock filed some 1,200 men in stripes, and at a given signal sat down and began devouring corned beef and cabbage, potatoes, bread and coffee—keepers watching every mouthful. At 12.30 they were all back again at work, and thus the convicts' day wore away.

He may, perhaps, plan and watch for months, even years, for a supreme moment favorable for escape, as did the baker, on the 9th of January last. This man took advantage of an outpouring of steam in the bakery, to leave without permission. He had probably waited for months for that particular second of time, and he has not yet returned. In the old days, the most common method of hazarding an escape was climbing to the top of the prison wall bordering the railroad track, then jumping to the top of one of the cars of a passing freight train. This is now practically impossible; for ten guardhouses have been built atop the wall, in each of which is a man with a revolver in his pocket and a rifle within reach. Moreover, when now an escape is effected, a mastodon whistle emits a continuous shriek which can be heard by all the towns and villages for miles around.

At 4.30 the working convicts again "knocked off," marched to the Cell House and into their dens. A chunk of bread and a quart of black coffee was their supper, eaten in the cell. Each closed his own cell-door, and then the keepers locked the doors with levers, fifty at a time. Every man was then counted, and, as all were in, the day keepers were relieved by the night guards.

In sixty cells in the lower tier were entombed sixty men who are serving life sentences; and among these, the living dead, I saw Number 51,821 light his pipe and lie down on his unsheeted mattress, to read things in a magazine about the world he had forfeited.

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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMP

A TEST OF AUTOMOBILE ENDURANCE ON LONG ISLAND

AUTOMOBILE endurance contests are not unknown abroad, but the 100-mile no-stop run held on April 20, under the auspices of the Long Island Automobile Club, is notable as being the first of its kind organized on this side of the Atlantic. It was not a race. The sensational but unpopular speeds to which the fine roads of Long Island have tempted certain motorists threatened not long ago to react injuriously on other lovers of the sport, and in promoting a public demonstration of the motor vehicle's staying powers the club wisely enforced a moderate speed limit, under penalty of disqualification. The actual requirements were simple. To every vehicle covering the course without a stop of any sort—unless for safety's sake—a blue ribbon was awarded. Stops were reckoned at one per cent for each five minutes, and this percentage, deducted from 100, gave the vehicle's standing. The speed limit was fifteen miles per hour, and a timekeeper on each machine checked its speed by known control marks and recorded all stops.

The hotel yard at Jamaica presented a busy scene the morning of the race. There were fifteen starters—all gasoline vehicles—ranging from a large delivery wagon and a surrey down to the light and French "motorettes." There was one out-and-out racer, a low skeleton affair from France, with two five horse-power motors; its driver was C. G. Wridgway.

RACING IN AN EAST WIND

An east wind and lowering sky warned us to leave no wraps behind, and the wise ones provided themselves with sources of internal warmth as well. Had they not done so, I think that ride would have been the death of some of us. Then the clerks of the course hustled about, pasting huge numerals on the front and rear of each machine, assigning timekeepers and distributing maps of the course; and we were off, one at a time at one-minute intervals.

Beyond Flushing we slackened somewhat, not to exceed our schedule. Manhasset, the Port Washington detour, and Roslyn were passed without incident, the engine running finely and with power to spare. We climbed Roslyn Hill—for the best ascent of which cups were offered—on the slow gear throughout, but in fair time. Our prospects seemed of the brightest, with only the penetrating head wind and the rain—which, after a brief sprinkle at Manhasset, was now coming down in earnest—to mar the pleasure of the run. But, alas! at Glen Cove a series of sharp reports told that the exhaust pipe had detached itself from the muffler, and simultaneously the motor weakened from some internal trouble of its own.

It was an hour and a half before the thing was ready to start, and by that time we were practically out of the running. So we decided, sooner than risk being stalled further from home, to keep on by Oyster Bay to Jericho, and return by the turnpike. At Jericho we found gathered under a horse-shed half a dozen non-competitors, who had run over the course thus far for the fun of the thing, and were now very willing to get home by the shortest route. They gave us some report of Wridgway's racer, which had reached Roslyn, 22 miles from Jamaica, in 58 minutes. It had started up Roslyn Hill like an arrow, with its timekeeper, a badly scared "yellow journal" reporter, clinging for his life and begging piteously to be let off. From another point a telephone message had announced its passage, going very fast. "The man with it wants to get off," the message ended. We learned later that it got as far as Queens, where its sparking current had become short-circuited by the wet. Its net speed to that point had averaged about 25 miles.

DISINTEGRATION OF AUTOMOBILES

We left Jericho, forty miles from Jamaica by the course and twenty by the pike, at 2.30. The storm had driven all traffic from the roads, and we had a perfectly clear way, over which we drove our machine at its best speed. Unlike most of the roads thereabout, the Jericho pike is not macadam, but gravel, with a thin surface of sand. We had no mud guards, and the water from the front wheels flew higher than our heads, falling back on us in a spray which quickly covered us from top to toe with a layer of yellow sand. At Queens we were shunted to the right, and sent a mile up a cross road to a parallel street. Alas for that extra mile! We were not two miles from Jamaica when our motor, which had been weakening perceptibly, gave up the ghost from the same cause as Wridgway's. Everything inside was wet, and our only hope now was a tow. It was a pity, for a little grease or a wrapping of rubber tape on the binding posts would have saved it all. Presently one of the motorettes came along—Mr. C. J. Field's, which won the hill-climbing contest and lost a blue ribbon by the merest fluke—and we shouted to them to send us help. The help was so long in coming, however, that my companion decided to walk in, leaving me to steer when a tow arrived.

While I waited, Mr. H. S. Chapin's surrey sailed by like a man-of-war, its high body and four passengers one uniform dun color with mud and sand. It was winning a blue ribbon, and it had made the course 15 miles to the hour, its speed regulated to the minute at every control point. The other blue-ribbon machine, owned by Mr. J. D. Pratt and driven by Fred Walsh, had done the same, checking its time by a watch and odometer.

TOWED INTO PORT

My succor came at last, in a heavy phaeton which towed the motorette like a plaything; and at half-past five, wet, tired and thoroughly chilled, the unluckiest man of the day, and nearly the last to arrive, I was under shelter in the hotel.

It was a damp but jovial crowd that broke its fast and swapped experiences at Pettit's board that evening. Ten of the fifteen machines had covered the course, and eight were awarded ribbons of honorable degree, the other two being disqualified for speed. Of the five withdrawals, none was caused by any accident of consequence, and one besides Wridgway's was directly due to the weather. That machine was a motorette also, and had been entered by the manufacturers. It had an expert French driver, and when the rain began to come down smartly the valiant Frenchman gave up in disgust, and was last seen headed for Brooklyn, with his machine in perfect order!

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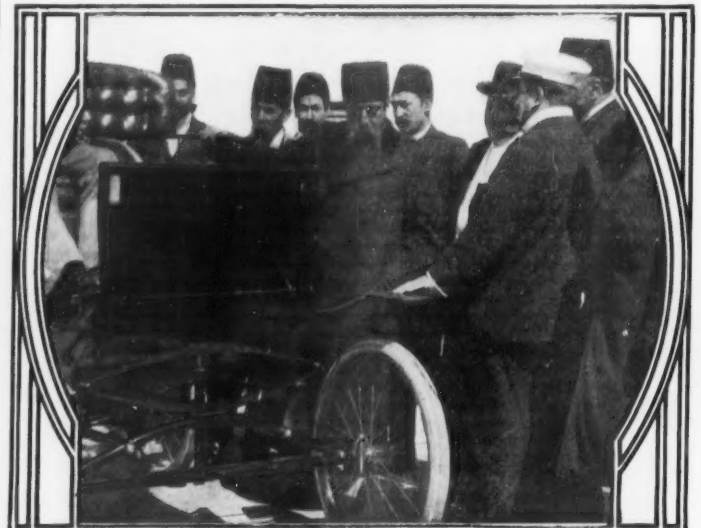
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THE SHAH OF PERSIA PURCHASING A FRENCH AUTOMOBILE



THE ONE HUNDRED MILE ENDURANCE RUN OF AUTOMOBILES ON LONG ISLAND

ROWING AND COACHING COACH COURTNEY always was something of a martinet in his coaching methods with the Cornell crew. A recent shake-up was of stiff proportions when the coach practically disbanded all existing combinations and organized three new crews. The "varsity" men were relegated to the third boat and the "tail-enders" were seated in the first shell. In fact, but three veterans of the 1900 crew were allowed to remain in the "varsity" shell.

Mr. Courtney has always had plenty of faith in his ability to indulge in changes and to bring about a harmonious eight in the end, no matter how many or how late the shifts.

By the way, there has appeared another instance of a Cornell situation which would seem to indicate to outsiders that there are factions among the rowing collegians at Ithaca.

Arrangements have been completed for a single-scutt race between John M. Francis, of the Launceston Boat Club of Troy, and C. N. Goodwin, of the Syracuse University Navy. Francis is a student at Cornell, but he will not row this year in the shell of the red and white.

There is comment, also, upon Ellis Ward's frequent and severe changes in the boat's make up. The first eight of the University of Pennsylvania is rowing in good form, and in a recent spin of three miles on the Schuylkill covered the distance under 17 minutes—a fairly good exhibition for this stage. But the crew was still further changed in its make-up just before the trial was made, and reports from Philadelphia have it that Ward is meeting with some criticism as being

too much inclined to indulge in shifts and changes. He, like Courtney, however, knows the game well and has plenty of support.

Hard luck continues to follow the Columbia crew. O'Laughlin, No. 7, and H. Mount, No. 2, both experienced men, have withdrawn from the boat. O'Laughlin stopped rowing on account of the objections of his parents, while Mount was involved in faculty complications.

It is now the hope of those interested that 1902 will witness an American Henley. Harvard is said to be enthusiastic, Yale is not unfavorable, and other rowing colleges are interested.

GEORGETOWN BASEBALL Fay, Georgetown's second pitcher, narrowly missed presenting Cornell with the game just played between the two teams.

For five innings he did well, but after that his control disappeared, and the record of one inning, the sixth, was three bases, two singles and two runs. This started the panic. Georgetown, however, escaped by scoring two runs in the eighth inning. Georgetown turns out year after year better average ball players than almost any other university that is represented upon the diamond. Her players always seem to have "natural baseball talent"—the real player's ease and acquaintance with bat and ball.

WATER POLO Followers of aquatic sport, and especially those interested in water polo, must find themselves somewhat at sea when they undertake to figure out just what the changes in the rules,

recently formulated, will bring about. The new code just made public by the A. A. U. leaves many of the rules unchanged, but Rule 4 has been altered radically. It now reads:

"The ball shall always be kept on or as near the surface of the water as possible, and shall never be intentionally carried under water. No goal shall be allowed when scored by under-water play."

Water polo enthusiasts say that this simply revolutionizes the game, and makes of a fascinating and interesting sport no more than a very tame affair. The disappearance under water of the man with the ball and his reappearance inside the goal have always been popular with the spectator.

"Rough play" is given exceptional attention in the new code, and the poloists have not objected, but they claim that the new Rule 4 means that lively matches are no longer possible, and that all that remains for the players in future is to flop around in the tank like a lot of ducks.

PAN-AMERICAN STADIUM STANDS Prospects for the athletic games at the Pan-American Exposition are somewhat uncertain. An element which must be taken into account is the extent of the games as planned, and when that is decided the managers must take into consideration the seating capacity of the stadium stands. If the games are large, it will be too small; if the games are small, it will be too great. The problem is an interesting one.

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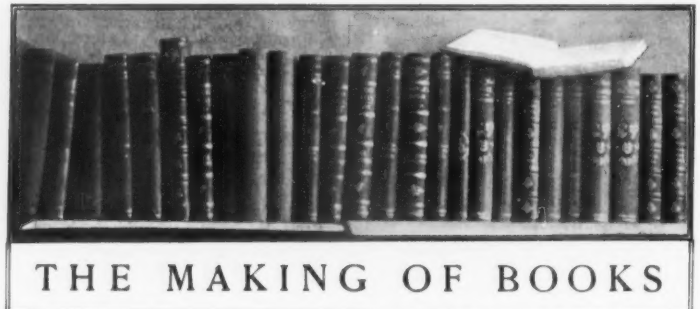
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THE MAKING OF BOOKS

Up From Slavery

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON in his autobiography, "Up From Slavery" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), presents an interesting narrative of the birth and development of racial ambition in the Negro as exemplified by his own career, his progress since the days of slavery, and his present place in the world's work. The man who conceived and executed the plan of the Industrial School of Tuskegee tells his life story in a straightforward manner, while, very excusably, failing not to keep before the reader's mind the credit due to the author for the achievements and success of Booker T. Washington.

Eccentricities of Genius

"Eccentricities of Genius" (Dillingham), by Major Pond, is a ponderous tome, though not unwieldy, filled with "memories of famous men and women of the platform and the stage." Not the least interesting chapter is a composite preface, the material for which the Major has cheerfully "enbbed" from John B. Gough, Mr. Dooley, Mark Twain, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, Frederick Douglass, and Sam Walter Foss. And, the fat is in the fire at last! The mysteries of the Lyceum are mysteries no longer—for the introductory chapter tells us all about it. Though, like the dictionary, "somewhat disconnected and verbose in style," "Eccentricities of Genius" is entertaining, and numerous portraits add not a little to its interest.

An American with Lord Roberts

Despite the charge of Anglo-mania, to which he has fairly laid himself open, Julian Ralph, by his wide experience as a war correspondent in many countries, is well fitted—no one better—to speak authoritatively upon the subjects of which he treats in "An American with Lord Roberts" (Stokes). The book contains a series of graphic and, we assume, authentic sketches of the Boer war. The author has not, however, profited—purposely, can it be?—by the hint of much adverse criticism. However, if anti-Boer sentiments are more marked than tactful from the pen of an American, the author himself says "the Boers got even with me." For they invaded his home. The volume itself is an admirable specimen of the bookbinder's art, compact, well printed, pleasing to the eye and easy to handle.

A Journey to Nature

Nature in all her variegated moods glances engagingly across the pages of Mr. J. P. Mowbray's delightful prose poem—"A Journey to Nature" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The tale is a gracious weaving of subtle fragrances, shadowy drifting clouds and creeping vines against a resplendent background of gorgeous sunrises. Starry night-echo with the friendly calls of birds and the babbling of ever-rippling brooks. The author has fished the charm of Nature herself in her most seductive moods. And through it all is woven a love story, delightful, dainty and piquantly novel; a delicate tracery offset by a shrewd and human wit that bubbles and sparkles through many charming chapters. This treasure trove of natural history is artistically decorated by Charles Edward Harper.

Existing conditions in the California wheat district, the extortions practiced by railroad magnates and their myrmidons upon the actual wheat producers, and the unscrupulous methods of subsidized legislatures, form the theme of "The Octopus," of many tentacles or chapters (Doubleday, Page & Co.), the first of a series of Novels with a Purpose, by Mr. Frank Norris. He writes convincingly, and handles his subject with a delicate nicety of valuation which compensates for his inevitable tendency to enlarge upon superfluous details.

China

Major-General James H. Wilson has supplemented, in an enlarged and revised edition, his original work on "China" (D. Appleton & Co.), with a history of the Boxer war and its causes. The result of personal observations—the author relinquished his charge at Matanzas, Cuba, to accept a command under General Chaffee—the book presents an accurate and detailed treatise on China, the Chinese, and the political and social aspects of the Celestial Empire. The preface succinctly

summarizes the international relations of the Allies, and, incidentally, pays high tribute to the American—soldier, diplomat, and executive. It is facile, direct and comprehensive, erring, perhaps, in a superfluity of detail.

The Individual

A plea for an education as regards the place of "the individual in Nature" forms the intent of Prof. Nathaniel Southgate Shaler's latest work, "The Individual" (D. Appleton & Co.). The author's reputation assures a scientific value to this treatise upon the natural history of death, the relation of the higher organic individual to the lower organic realm, and the evolution of the individual on a rising plane to immortality. The writer treats the subject and its convergent issues with lucidity, and sustains his arguments in support of his contention with a forceful array of scientific facts.

Mrs. Gilbert's Stage Reminiscences

"Mrs. Gilbert's Stage Reminiscences" (Scribners), which Mrs. Charlotte Martin has compiled, possesses, apart from the artistic setting and illustrating of the volume itself, a distinct literary value. Mrs. Martin has garnered within her pages the charm with which Mrs. Gilbert has always delighted her audiences. Altogether this is a most delightful book, and in no country has this thing been better done.

Milly; at Love's Extremes

In preparing Maurice Thompson's latest novel, "Milly; at Love's Extremes," which comes to the fore in an attractive cover, the publishers (New Amsterdam Book Co.) might easily have exercised more discrimination in the selection of illustrations. The author displays his well-known familiarity with the landmarks of the South with which he deals, but his fidelity of local coloring does not atone for the vaguity of plot and treatment. After the opening chapter, which is a mild exception to the rest of the book, the story, like the famous stage direction of Schiller, "rapidly continues to do nothing," and interest, like Schweizer, "disappears unperceived."

A History of the Colombian and Venezuelan Republics

The increasing importance of Colombia and Venezuela in the community of commerce has invited the world's attention. Mr. William L. Scruggs, late Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to these republics, has recently published an extensive volume on this subject—"A History of the Colombian and Venezuelan Republics" (Little, Brown & Co.). The descriptions are graphic, the local details entertaining, and expositions of commercial and political matters incisively narrated. It affords much valuable information and should prove interesting as well as instructive.

The Ways of the Service

"The Ways of the Service," by Frederick M. Palmer (Scribners), is a collection of short stories concerning incidents and characters which came under the author's notice while acting as war correspondent of COLLIER'S WEEKLY during two campaigns in the Philippines. Most of the stories were published in COLLIER'S WEEKLY under the general title "Out of the East." The book is profusely illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, and is an attractive and handy volume.

Like Another Helen

"Like Another Helen," by George Horton (Bowen Merrill), introduces a hitherto unknown country—the island of Crete. The story rambles along the lanes of romance suggested by Anthony Hope's "Phroso." While Mr. Horton lacks that author's clear-cut and incisive methods of dialogue and characterization, he still possesses keen powers of observation and expression of his own which he cleverly utilizes in certain graphic bits of description. He wants a broad-minded sense of value, and this lapse makes him too clearly partisan; in fact, he defeats his own object of creating sympathy for the presumably oppressed Cretans. But the plot possesses possibilities of real strength which promise well for the future. The book is well worth buying and reading.

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READY FOR A RUSSIAN REPUBLIC

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 7)

true spirit of Christianity; they are Anabaptists but also Rationalists to some extent.

The Stundists of Southwestern Russia and many others are in reality Protestant Baptists, and their peasant ministers and teachers are certainly not in the least inferior in intelligence and organizing capacities to the Baptist ministers of America, while the progress of their organization, the spreading of their papers, and the closeness of their relation all over Russia, notwithstanding the inquisitorial ways of the Russian State Church, are simply astounding. From Archangel to the Black Sea, from the Polish frontier to the Ural, Russia is covered with active non-conformist organizations.

TOLSTOI'S EXCOMMUNICATION MEANS RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION

Without doubt the success of Tolstoi's propaganda is immense. Not that he should have a great crowd of direct followers. But his preachings concerning a return to primitive Christianity, coupled with his moral teachings, undoubtedly exercise a very deep influence upon the millions of peasants who try to find a religion which is superior to the Russian State religion.

It is estimated by the most cautious writers that nearly one-third of the Russians do not belong to the Greek Orthodox Church, but to some non-conformist creed; and in every one of the countless non-conformist chapels the name of Tolstoi and his moral writings are well known and liked by the progressive non-conformist.

The excommunication of Tolstoi will only increase his popularity, not only with the 30,000,000 non-conformists, who consider the Synod as an antichrist institution, but also with many orthodox people—the Synod being best known in Russia as a divorce court from which any divorce is obtained on payment of so many thousand roubles. I even ask myself whether the Synod did not launch its excommunication in order to avoid a public scandal in the event of our venerated writer's death.

RUSSIA CAN BE A SECOND UNITED STATES

What events will prove it is very difficult to foresee, inasmuch as it will depend upon the course of events in Western Europe. A federal republic organized on the same principles as the United States, surely would be, in my opinion, the political form which would best guarantee Russia's pacific development in the near future. But whatever the next move may be, decentralization and free institutions in Russia would be the best guarantee for peace in the world.

Of all nationalities that now stand foremost in the political arena of the world, the East Slavonian is the most pacific.

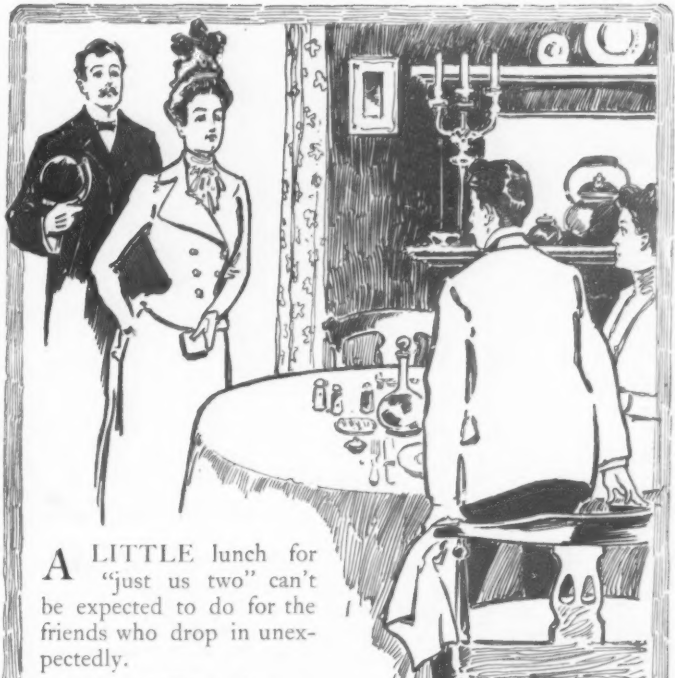
RUSSIAN PEOPLE WANT NEITHER MANCHURIA NOR WAR

The Russian Czars have always dreamed of conquests—but not the Russians as a people. On the contrary, even such unconditional protest against militarism as the protest of the Dukhobors, and of Tolstoi and several non-conformist groups, find a deep echo all over Russia. Russian literature and art are the most anti-militarist in the world, and even at the present time the success of the Russian armies in Manchuria meets with an extremely cool reception in Russia.

"Why should we fight for Manchuria and bring on wars in the East when we cannot secure bread for our peasants, when our peasants are already overtaxed and brought to starvation by the burden of a military state? And why should we favor the military spirit, when our Cossacks already behave as *Bashibazouks* in the streets of St. Petersburg?"

This is what is said and written all over Russia, by every thinking man and woman. To the Russian every war is a calamity—never the joyous thing it has been lately for England.

Free Russia will surely, undoubtedly, be the most powerful counterweight to the warlike propensities of other nations.



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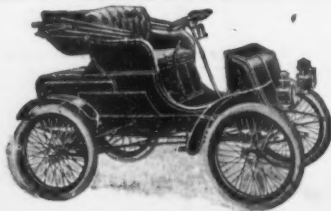
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